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"AFFECTIONATELY YOURS."

Ever believe you true? Dear friend,
You words so precious are that I
Can but repeat them o'er and o'er,
And kiss the paper where they lie.
How shall I thank you for this pledge,
This sweet assurance which destroys
The doubt that you my love repaid,
And changes all my fears to joys?

Ever believe you true? I will!
I hold you to this written gage!
This shall console me, now you're gone;
Still next my heart I'll bear the page;
By day and night, where'er I go,
It shall my prized companion be;
And if a thought would 'gainst you rise,
This from all blame shall set you free.

Ah, need I say, believe me true?
You know how tender, yet how strong,
This heart's emotions are, now half
Of all its throbs to you belong;
How fain 'twould burst its prison walls
To nestling beat against your own,
How joyous 'twas when you were near,
How sadly yearning now, alone.

Aye, till the weary life is done,
Though we again may never meet,
Let's not forget the bygone days
That like a dream passed, swift and sweet;
Still let the knowledge of my love
Thy faith in humankind renew;
Let that great love still for me plead,
And, to the last, believe me true!

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXVII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE morning broke bright and beautiful, with the golden sunshine glinting through the tall palm trees ashore, and lighting up the dark vistas of the jungle in the most wonderful manner; but the thoughts of all on board were directed not to the golden sunshine, save that it was available for the manner in which it lit up the depths of the clear sea; and all that day, in steady turns, Dutch, Mr. Parkley, and Rasp went down, working away clearing out the sand, and sending up the iron buckets laden with silver.

Careful probing with the iron rod had shown them that the space in which the treasure lay was not great, only spread over a portion of the lower part of the old galleon of about twelve feet by sixteen; everywhere else the rod would penetrate to any depth, save where it came in contact with the old hardened ribs of the ship, or portions of its keel, and they gave forth to the touch such unmistakable signs of what the opposing material was, that the adventurers were quite content.

A receptacle had been prepared for the treasure in the hold, and the way to this was down the cabin stairs, strong bulkheads cutting this off from the other portions of the vessel; and down here continuously, after the shelly concretions, where they existed, had been knocked off, was carried bucket after bucket of ingots, which Mr. Jones and Oakum stacked as regularly as they would lie, while the captain superintended and kept watch on deck.

The men worked admirably; their wonder at the richness of the find passing away as the silver became common in their sight, for it was shot out of the buckets on to the deck, hammered even, and thrown about as if it was so much stone.

There were two or three alarms of sharks; but an occasional cartridge fired under water at a distance from the ship had the desired effect of scaring the monsters away.

Rasp worked even harder than Dutch, giving as his reason that they ought to make hay while the sun shone; and certainly he made a goodly addition to the silver stack, while Mr. Parkley was not far behind Dutch. The Doctor, Mr. Wilson, and even John Studwick helped, by cleaning the ingots as they were raised by the sailors in the buckets, and emptied out on deck, while Bessy Studwick, Hester and Pollo helped by being always ready with refreshments as they were needed, and helped besides to look out.

For it was determined to make the best use they could of the daylight, and consequently their meals were snatched in the little intervals of work. Even the men forbore to grumble at being kept without their regular meals, for there was a novelty in their task.

The sand caused a great deal of trouble to the divers, but this was steadily mastered, and when at sunset the task was set aside for the night, and, wearied out, the adventurers sat down to the repast Pollo had prepared and the steward set out, the question was asked in a whisper, what was the value of the treasure recovered, Mr. Parkley, who had been below, could only say:

"Many thousands."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

ON the next and following days the toil continued, and work, rest, and refreshments were all that were thought of. Even Dutch had been seized now by the thirst for wealth, and, hardly looking for Hester, he toiled on at his task, while she, pale and rigid, kept watch over him, never once gaining confidence as she saw his many descents, but always tortured by the horror of that first day.

To her great relief, though, Laure had hardly noticed her, and there seemed to be an unspoken truce existing between them. She could see that he was one of the most industrious of the workers, and she shuddered as she felt why this was, and knew that some terrible catastrophe might ere now have taken place on the schooner only that Laure wanted the divers to do their work to the full before he asserted himself.

And yet she dared not speak, feeling that to utter a warning would be to sign her husband's death warrant; while he, giving no heed to, perhaps not crediting, her sufferings, passed her by at times without a look.

But a change was rapidly approaching, and it took place so suddenly as almost to surprise Hester herself.

The only thing that had disturbed the harmony of the past week had been the bitter opposition of John Studwick to the advances made by the young doctor. So far from the presence of a medical man being of advantage to the invalid, it had served to irritate and annoy him; and more than once he had angrily turned his back and drawn his sister away with the petty jealousy of a child more than a man, all which the doctor had taken in quite good part, while Bessy had more than one hearty cry to herself, as she called it.

Hester and she were like sisters now, and in consequence a coolness existed towards Dutch, who saw nothing, however, but, miser-like, gloated over the enormous wealth he was helping to pile up for himself and partner.

It was on the ninth day of the diving that, all elate and congratulating themselves on the balm and delightful weather that had attended their efforts, the task began once more. The sand had been well mastered, and great, half-rotten, water-hardened pieces of timber had been removed, and the silver was sent up from the case with which it was obtained, at a greater rate than ever.

Dutch had been down five times, and he was now down for the sixth, having succeeded Mr. Parkley, and wading to the hole that had been made, after filling the bucket with some difficulty, the silver having now become scarce, he took his bar and tried to remove a piece of blackened wood that showed plainly in the mid day sun.

It seemed quite fast, but a good wrench moved it, and, lifting it with care, Dutch carried it a few paces, and thrust it between two of the ribs behind him.

A man shut up in a diver's helmet and suit is not in a condition to feel much elation; but Dutch's heart beat rapidly as he resumed, and stooped to gaze down at what they had found. There was no mistake, though. The hole of the wreck had been cleared from side to side, and there was evidently no silver—in fact, as far as he was concerned, the treasure was won. He tried the iron probe to find sand or wood—sand or wood, forward or aft; while, of course, the possibility of anything being found to right or left was bounded by the old ribs which now stood out clear to the keel.

But here, aft of the silver treasures, and separated orginally no doubt by a strong timber partition, one of the timbers of which Dutch had wrenched away, dull, red, and glistening, totally free from shelly concretion, but in places bound together by the fine sand, lay, as he cleared away the sand from the surface, and plainly marked out by the black wood that surrounded it on three sides, foaming a little chestlike place about four feet by six, but whose sides of black, rotten timber, were ten inches thick, what was evidently of greater value than the mass of silver which they had obtained.

For there before him lay, neatly packed as they had been by busy hands at least two hundred and fifty years before, hundreds upon hundreds of little rough ingots of gold. Not a bar was displaced; for the massive framework in which they had been stowed, though rotten, had not given way like what had probably surrounded the silver, which lay tossed about at random.

"Wealth, wealth, rich gold," muttered Dutch, as he signalled for more air; and then, looking more closely at his find, he could see by sweeping away the sand that slowly trinkled back, as if eager to cover the treasure it had held secret so long, that the gold had not been packed as he had supposed, but had evidently been in little wooden boxes, which had rotten quite away, the places of the wood being filled up by sand, which lay in rectangular lines.

"The silver has all been saved, without doubt," said Dutch to himself as he gazed at his find, and thought of the delight with which the news would be received by his partner. Then he turned, to get the bucket and fill it, wishing himself on deck when it arrived there to see the astonishment of those who emptied it.

As he moved he had again to signal for more air, and, looking down, he saw the sand slowly trinkling back over the gold, so that in a very few moments it would have been covered.

He picked up the shovel, meaning to throw the sand in that part more effectually away, when once more the difficulty of breathing attacked him.

He signalled for more air, but no more came, neither to his next signal; and, feeling that something must be wrong with the apparatus, he was already on his way to the steps, when he received a signal to come up; and on reaching the surface, with the air becoming each moment more deficient, he was quickly helped on board and relieved of his helmet.

"I could not help it, Mr. Dutch," exclaimed Rasp; "the leather's giving way on the piston, and we must have a good repair."

"But it's held out just long enough," said Mr. Parkley, "for Rasp tells me we've got to the end, and he only left you a little of the silver to send up."

"Yes, Mr. Pugh, I tried all round, but there was nothing but wood and sand—wood and sand everywhere. 'Cept what you've sent up, I say there wasn't a bit more silver left."

"Why didn't you say so before I went down?"

"Because I wanted to hear what you thought, and let you judge for yourself," growled Rasp, handling a screw hammer.

As they spoke, the men, who had been pumping and hauling, gathered round evidently eager to hear what was said, and this made Dutch alter the words he was about to utter.

"Rasp is right," he said, "I have sent up the last of the silver."

"And have you tried well round with the rod?"

"Everywhere," said Dutch, "and touched the ship's timbers right down into the sand. There isn't another bar of silver, I should say."

"Well," said Mr. Parkley, "man's never satisfied. I was quite ready to get more. There, my lads, we'll clean up the apparatus."

"Yes," said the captain, "and clear the decks; they want it badly enough. You've worked well, my lads, and you shall have a bit of feast for this. Pollo shall prepare you a supper, and we'll drink success to our next venture."

The men gave a bit of a cheer, but on the whole they looked rather disappointed; and Dutch, he hardly knew why, held his peace about the gold. One thing was evident—nothing could be done to get it on deck till the worn valve of the air pump had been repaired, and this Rasp declared would take him all the afternoon, for he would have to apply new leathers and india-rubber.

So the diving suits were hung up to dry, the helmets polished dry and clean, and placed upon their stands. Mr. Parkley and the doctor, who had looked upon this part as more in his province—Mr. Parkley said because it helped to destroy life—had coiled up the wires, emptied the battery, and placed the dynamite in safety, and the rough shelly matter was thrown over the sides; while Dutch, who had still kept his discovery to himself, was down below, close to the end of the will sail—that canvas funnel that took down a constant current of fresh air—smoking a cigar with Mr. Wilson, the naturalist, who was chatting away about his birds, and his determination to have another run or two on shore to shoot, asking his companion to accompany him.

"It would do the ladies so much good, too, I'm sure," said Mr. Wilson. "And really, Mr. Pugh, I never dare speak to Miss Studwick now," he added, with a sigh; "for if I do, her brother looks daggers at me; and if I mention Mrs. Pugh, you look just as cross."

Dutch had been saying "Yes" and "No" in a musing manner, hardly hearing what his companion said; but the mention of his wife's name made him start angrily round and glare at the speaker.

"There, that's just how Mr. Studwick, junior, looks at me," said the naturalist, simply. "A regular jealous, fierce look. I wish you would not treat me so, Mr. Pugh," he continued, earnestly, and with a pleading look in his weak, lamb-like face, "for I like you—I do, indeed. I always have liked you, Mr. Pugh; and how you can fancy I have dishonorable views about Mrs. Pugh, I can't think. It shocks me, Mr. Pugh—it does, indeed."

"My dear fellow;" said Dutch, smiling, half in amusement, half in contempt, "I never did think any such thing."

"Then why do you look at me so?" continued Wilson, mildly. "You see," he said, with gathering enthusiasm, "I love Miss Studwick very dearly: but I seem to have no hope whatever. But why are you so angry?"

"There, there, there, don't talk about it," said Dutch, shaking the naturalist's hand. "These are matters one don't like to talk about."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Wilson, looking at him wistfully. "But you won't mention what I said?"

"As to your love confidences," said Dutch, smiling, "they are safe with me; but look here, Wilson, you are better as you are—better as you are."

"You think so, perhaps," said the young man; "but I do not. You are angry with Mrs. Pugh for something—that is all. She is very pretty, and perhaps she is a little imprudent," he added, simply.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Dutch, angrily.

"Don't be cross with me, Mr. Pugh. Perhaps I am wrong."

"Speak! What do you mean?" exclaimed Dutch, panting.

"I only thought she might be more particular, perhaps, as a lady, and not speak to the dark mulatto sailor."

"Have—have you seen her speaking to—to that man?" said Dutch, with his breath coming thick and short.

"Yes, I did last night," said Wilson; "but I did not mention it to any one else; and, of course, she was only doing it out of kindness, for she is very amiable."

"When—when was it?" panted Dutch, whose face flushed with shame and anger that he should be stooping to ask such questions.

"Just after dark, when you diving people were having your meal below. They parted, though, directly."

"Thanks. Say no more about this," said Dutch, more calmly. "Perhaps it looks a little imprudent; but, as you say, she is so amiable and kind to the men that her actions are easily misconstrued."

Dutch rose to go on deck, for the air in the cabin seemed to stifle him; but Wilson arrested his steps.

"But you will come if we have a shooting expedition, Mr. Pugh?" he exclaimed. "You have not been ashore yet, but spending your time over this dreadful treasure-hunting, when the treasures ashore are a thousand times more beautiful."

"I will see—perhaps—I cannot say," replied Dutch; and he stumbled on deck, to stand watching Rasp, who was busy over the air pump, which he had taken all to pieces; but, as it was close upon dusk, he was collecting the various screws, and placing them loosely in their proper holes, before covering all over with a tarpaulin, to keep off the heavy night dew that hung in drops each morning from every rail.

The words of Wilson, the simple hearted naturalist, had so troubled Dutch that his mind was once more in a whirl. Till then he had been gradually getting into a calm, resigned state, and accepting the inevitable; but now to hear such remarks as these about his wife's conduct was simply maddening him: and as he went and leaned over the side, gazing down into the pure water where the golden treasure lay, it was forgotten mostly in the trouble of his heart, and he made up his mind that he would see Hester, and demand some full explanation of her conduct, and so end the terrible suspense.

"I will know," he muttered; and as he rose he felt surprised at the lapse of time, for the short tropic twilight had given place to intense darkness while he had been brooding over his troubles, and now it occured to him that he had not told Mr. Parkley about the gold.

"I'll see him now," he said; and he was turning to go to the cabin stairs when the low, musical voice of his wife fell upon his ear, and, though the darkness was so great that he could not see her, he was aware that she was close at hand, in conversation with some one whose voice seemed familiar.

He could not make out a word, but it was evident that whoever was speaking to Hester was addressing her in a low passionate tone, while her replies were almost inaudible.

Who was it? Not the mulatto: his peculiar, harsh, grating voice was too familiar. This was the voice of some one who made his nerves thrill with rage and indescribable emotion; and yet in his confusion and excitement he could not make out who it could be.

"I cannot play the spy like this," said Dutch to himself; and, raging as he was with curiosity and mortification, he walked away; but his agony was unbearable, and, turning back, he approached the spot once more, to hear a half-stifled cry for help; then there was a noise of a slight struggle, and he darted forward, to strike himself against the foremast, and stagger back half stunned, and lean against the side to collect his scattered thoughts.

For his forehead had come violently into collision with the mast, and for a few minutes memory forsook her seat, and a strange sense of sickness accompanied the oblivion.

This soon passed off, though; and now thoroughly roused, Dutch retraced his steps, going with outstretched hands to the spot whence the voices had seemed to proceed, to find all perfectly silent.

"But she was here," he muttered, moodily; and recalling his determination to insist upon a full explanation, Dutch walked straight to the cabin occupied by Bessy Studwick and his wife, and stood listening for a few moment before he knocked.

He could hear voices behind him, where it was evident that the captain and his friends were gathered, and upon listening more attentively he learned what he wished to know, but was never in any doubt about—namely, the presence of Hester in the little cabin.

She was there, though, for he heard some one talking in a low tone, and then there was a low sob.

He waited no longer, but knocked.

There was no reply.

He knocked again, and there was a rustling sound within which made his heart beat heavily, the blood rushed to his eyes, and a strange swimming affected his brain, as the horrible suspicion crossed his mind that it was not Bessy Studwick's voice he had heard, but the same that he had listened to on deck.

Fighting against the dizzy sensation, and striving to become calm, he raised his hands and stood in the attitude of one about to hurl himself against the door, and burst it from its fastenings; but something seemed to retain him, and he knocked again; and this time plainly enough he heard Hester's voice, in an excited whisper, say—

"He is there! pray, pray, don't open the door."

It never occured to Dutch that his wife could not know that it was he who knocked; for the hard jealousy that he had taken to his heart suggested and thought but evil of the woman he had sought to love and protect. It was not Bessy Studwick, then, who was with her, and they dared not open the door. He had given up before, and sought no revenge—this time he would have it if he died.

"Open this door," he said, in a low, deep whisper, full of the rage he felt; for in his mad cunning he told himself that if he raised his voice, or broke in the door, he would alarm the occupants of the other cabin.

There was a dead silence for a few moments, and he was about to make a fresh demand, as his hands clenched, and the veins in his forehead stood out throbbing, from the excess of his wild emotion.

"Will you open this door?" he hissed again, savagely, with his lips close to the panel.

"No," exclaimed a firm voice. "Make the slightest attempt to enter again, and I will alarm the ship."

Dutch Pugh's hands dropped to his side, and a sigh like a groan burst from his lips, as he staggered away on deck, and, going to the side, rested his aching head upon the rail.

"Am I mad?" he said to himself. "That was Bessy Studwick. Could it have been her I heard talking here on deck? No that was impossible, for there was the struggle. Oh! Hester, Hester, my darling, forgive me if I am judging you wrongfully! I'd give my life to believe you true, and yet again to-night I am so ready to accuse you in my heart.

"It is of no use, I will not lead this life of hell upon earth; she must—she shall explain her conduct. There was some reason more than I know for her coming on board here. Her conversations with the mulatto. That meeting to-night. Ha! is it possible? Yes; I have it at last. Studwick was right: Laure's influence is still with us. Bah! I believe I am half mad," he said, with a contemptuous ejaculation. "I will see her in the morning, and this trouble shall be cleared away."

As he spoke, he went down to the cabin he shared with the doctor, feeling lighter of heart for the resolution he had made, and telling himself that half his troubles might have been saved had he spoken to his wife. "She might even have come out of the trial unscathed," he said, with a strong feeling of elation; and, worn out mentally and bodily, he threw himself half-dressed into his berth, after opening the little window, for the heat was stifling.

"A good resolution at last," muttered Dutch as he laid his head upon his pillow; and as he dropped off to sleep listening to the lapping of the water against the schooner's side, the sound seemed to form itself into the repetition of the words—

"Too late, too late!" until he fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HESTER'S TRIALS.

THAT evening for the second time, in obedience to a fierce demand from Laure, Hester Pugh crept timidly on deck as soon as it was dark; and then, repenting of her venture, she was about to retreat, when she felt a grasp like steel clasp her wrist, and, in a low voice that made her shudder, Laure began to upbraid her, speaking passionately of his love, and telling her it was his wish to win her by his tenderness and not by force; while she in turn told him of his cruelties, and piteously pleaded for mercy.

"Yes," he said at last, "the mercy that you have had on me," and flinging his arms round her, he drew her shuddering form tightly to his breast. "Make a sound," he hissed in her ear, "and you slay Dutch Pugh, perhaps all here on board except my party. Be silent, and you shall be my happy, loving wife, a princess in wealth and station."

Maddened by her position, Hester struggle fiercely, and uttered a stifled cry for help, and at the same moment almost came the sound of approaching feet, followed by the sound of a blow; and half fainting, she found herself loosened from the arms that held her, and ran, how she never knew, to her cabin, to fall exhausted into Bessy Studwick's arms.

"Lock the door, lock the door!" she panted, clinging tightly to her friend. "Oh, Bessy, Bessy, if I could but die!"

Bessy locked the door, and returned wondering to Hester's side.

"Hester, darling, your husband must be a perfect monster," she cried, taking the sobbing woman in her arms.

"No, no," wailed Hester, "he is all that is good and noble and true, but he thinks me wicked."

"How dare he treat you like this, if he does!" cried Bessy indignantly, as she smoothed Hester's dishevelled hair.

"No, no, no, it was not he," panted Hester.

"Not he?" exclaimed Bessy. "Do you mean to tell me that you have been on deck to meet some one else?"

"Yes, yes, and I am afraid—oh, I am afraid!" whispered Hester, with a shudder, as she clung more closely to her friend.

"Hester Pugh," said Bessy, gravely, and her voice sounded cold and strange—"you must explain this. I cannot wonder at poor Dutch's conduct, if you act like this."

"Bessy!" wailed Hester, clinging convulsively to her, "don't speak like that. Don't you turn from me too. I am innocent—I am innocent. Oh, that I were dead—that I were dead!"

"Hush, hush, hush!" whispered Bessy, trying to soothe her, for she was alarmed at the violence of her companion's grief. "Tell me all about it, Hester. Am I not worthy of your confidence?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," sobbed Hester; "but I dare not—I dare not tell you."

"Dare not, Hester?"

"No, no, no," she moaned. "Hush! listen! he is there. Bessy," she whispered, clinging to her, "kill me, if you will; but do not let him touch me again."

As she whispered this appeal, there came Dutch's summons at the door, repeated again, with at last Bessy's stern reply, and then silence.

"He is gone," said Bessy at last, her own heart beating furiously with emotion.

"No, no, he is waiting," wailed Hester, clinging to her. "He is always watching me."

"Hester," said Bessy, sternly, "who is that man?"

"I dare not tell you," whispered Hester, with a shudder.

"As an old friend of your husband, I insist upon you telling me. This is cowardly weakness."

"Yes, yes, I know," wailed Hester, in her helpless misery; "but, for his sake, I dare not tell you."

"And you have not told your husband?" said Bessy.

"No."

"Has he asked you?"

"Yes—yes," sobbed Hester. "Oh, if I could but die!"

"Shame on you!" said Bessy. "Hester, I loved your husband very dearly once, and thought it all past now; and I have tried to love you for his sake. I will not be a partner in this mystery. To-morrow morning he shall hear all I know."

"No, no, no," cried Hester, in affright. "You must not tell. For heaven's sake do not speak a word. Perhaps help may come."

"I shall tell him," said Bessy, firmly.

"You do not know what you say," wailed Hester, growing more pallid by the faint light of the lamp.

"I know a true, honest man is being deceived, and that some scoundrel has frightened his weak young wife into silence, and——"

She said no more, for Hester rose, horror-stricken, and threw herself upon her knees, imploring her silence; and then, utterly overcome by her emotion fainted dead away.

So long continued was the swoon, that Bessy was about to summon assistance, when there was a faint sigh, and she revived.

"I was just going to send for Mr. Meldon," said Bessy, kindly, as she kissed her.

"That is not as you kissed me to-day, Bessy," said Hester, sadly. "I would tell you gladly—all—all, if I only dared."

She hid her face shudderingly, and then clinging tightly to Bessy, they remained silent for what must have been quite a couple of hours, when Bessy, who had been dosing off to sleep, suddenly started up, to find Hester awake and standing up in a listening attitude.

"What is it?" said Bessy, in alarm.

"Hush! do you not hear?" whispered Hester, hoarsely. "He is maddened, and has turned upon them. Oh, Dutch, my husband! God—protect—"

She said no more, but stood with white face and starting eyes, listening, for at that moment there was the sound of struggling overhead, a hoarse shriek of a man in mortal agony, a heavy fall—a rustling noise; and then just by the little round window of their cabin, a heavy splash.

CHAPTER XXX.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

THAT had been a tremendously hot day, but in the excitement of the silver seeking the weather had been unnoticed; but as the night came on it seemed almost suffocating to those who were not moved by such passionate emotions as Dutch Pugh and his wife.

Sam Oakum had been till quite late standing chewing his tobacco, as he looked over the side, watching the golden green water that heaved gently against the stern of the vessel—for, moored as she was, she did not swing with the tide; and after a time he went and joined Pollo, whose galley was, after all, no hotter than the rest of the ship.

From where they sat talking in a low voice, the encounter between Laure and Hester had not been heard: and when from time to time Oakum thrust out his head and took a look round, to see the faint glare of the cabin skylight, all was as still as death, and he drew his head in again, and went on talking.

"Don't gawp like that, Pollo," said Oakum, at last, as his companion yawned in a fashion that was quite shark-like.

"I berry sleep and tired, Mass' Oakum, sah; I had berry hot day."

"There, I'll soon wake up, my lad."

"No, sah, I hope you do nuffum ob de sort, for I want go asleep."

Oakum chuckled softly to himself, and then, just as Pollo was in the midst of a second yawn, he said—

"I wonder how much a piece the governors mean to give us?"

Pollo was wide awake on the instant.

"I no know, Mass' Oakum, sah; but dey get so much for demselves dat they give us great big whack."

"I dunno," said Sam. "We ought to have made a bargain. But there, let's go down and turn in."

"No, sah, I tank you," said Pollo; "it ten time more hot down below dere dan in my galley, where the fire full go. Nuff to cook all de boys in de forksel and make 'em come up brown in de morning. I not bit sleepy now, and when I am, I lie down here on de deck and hab rest."

"Well, it is a bit better up here, Pollo, for you can breathe."

"Yes, sah; can get de wind nuff to keep going. But 'bout de silber, sah. You tink dey get up all down below?"

"Yes, Pollo; and I suppose we shall start next to get another sunken wreck, and unload her."

"I tink, sah, I take de schooner close up to dat old wreck off de lilly island."

"So do I, Pollo; and, what's more, I will."

"I tink, sah, we ought get bery big lot ob silber for ourselb. If I tought dey turn shabbo, I say let Mass' Oakum and me go and get de whole ob de oder ship, and cut de silver in two half, and take one a piece."

"Very pretty, Pollo, if we could do it; but as we can't, let's be content with what we get from the governors."

"Yah, yah, yah, yah!" laughed Pollo, softly.

"Now, then, what are you grinning about?" said Oakum.

"I tink, sah, about the sunken ship and de silber."

"What of it?"

"I tink sah, how funny it am if we came out here, find the sunk ship, pull up de silber, and den if we go and lose the ship somewheres else, and all the silber go to the bottom again."

"I say, young fellow," growled Sam, "don't you get croaking like that. 'Taint lucky."

"No, sah; wouldn't be lucky lose all de silber again. I tink I know how much I go to hab for my share."

"Enough to make you an independent gentleman for life, Pollo."

"You tink so, sah?" chuckled Pollo.

"Sartin sure."

"Den I wear white hankcher and white weskoat ebery day, and make some darn nigger clean my boots free times over. Yah, yah, yah!"

"Here, I shall be smothered if I stop up here much longer, Pollo," said Oakum, stepping out upon the deck, where all was dark and silent, only a very faint light now coming up through the cabin skylight.

"It am hot, sah—bery hot," said Pollo; and they stood at the side, staring at the shore, where the undergrowth seemed to be lit up by a shower of fallen stars, which leaped and danced from leaf to leaf, while the very sea beneath them seemed alive with pale shining points of light, which glided softly along till some fish darted through the water and made the little starry dots flash into a long line of light. Against the side of the ship there seemed to be so much pale golden light rising and falling, showing the copper sheathing of the vessel, and surrounding it with a soft halo which made its shape just faintly outlined from stern to stern. The cables, too, by which it was moored could be faintly traced, as lines of light illuminated and sparkled right to the sand below; and for some little times the two man stood watching in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dr. Frederick A. Putnam, a grand-nephew of General Israel Putnam, tells the following story which has never before been made public:—The General was about sitting down to dinner in my grandfather's, his brother's, house, when the first news reached him that the British had marched from Boston to attack the Americans. There was roast chicken smoking hot on the table when the pounding of a big drum was heard out of doors. All hurried out and a darkey was seen coming down the street crying: "The British have left Boston to 'tack the Americans!" General Putnam's horse, a big black fellow that would let no one ride him but his master, was ordered to the front of the house. Putnam was urged to stay and eat his dinner, but he replied that he couldn't wait, he was off for Boston. Then he grabbed one of the roast chickens from the table, pulled it apart by the legs and mounted his horse, gnawing the bones as he rode off for Bunker Hill.

DRIFTED.

BY H. J. S.

A little boat went drifting
Down with the ebbing tide,
With never a soul on board her
To guard her or to guide.
Away, away through the narrows
I saw her swiftly glide,
And away to the tumbling waters
Of the river rolling wide.

And the little boat went rocking
On and on to the sea,
Where the waves rose white with fury,
And struck her angrily.
And I heard from the gull poised o'er her
A wild and boding cry;
And the frown grew darker
On the stern face of the sky.

Then the great rough winds closed round her,
And sang full loud and clear,
"Oh boat, thou wert too trustful,
Alone to venture here,
With no stout heart to guard thee,
And no strong hand to steer:
This sullen sea that bears thee
Will surely prove thy bier."

And the winds sang louder, louder,
And the waves rose higher still,
Till each white-crested billow
Was a steep and glassy hill;
And the little boat sank, trembling,
Where the sound of the winds and the waves
Is lost in the stillness, deathlike,
Of the mariners' tombless graves.

Foiled.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"EVELYN!"

Eve Laughry looked up in a startled way, for her brother Robert seldom called her Evelyn, unless agitated or angry; and one glance at his pale, proud face assured her he was both.

He stood in the doorway of the library, and as Eve paused in the hall under the hall chandelier, he advanced to her side, and laying a detaining hand on her wrist, gazed at her for a moment with admiring eyes.

"You are too beautiful to be thrown away, Eve."

Her beautiful eyes drooped until the violet iris was veiled with the long silken lashes that gave her face a charm peculiarly its own. Her tawny golden hair was rich, wavy and abundant; her complexion was perfect in its way—the creamy white, faintly relieved by a touch of crimson in the cheeks, and her figure, draped in a costly white lace robe looped up here and there, with bunches of blue violets, was small and graceful.

"You would not like to give up this—and this—would you, Eve?"

Robert Laughry's voice softened as he touched his young sister's dress and jewels.

"No," Eve says slowly, "I do not know what you mean, Robert. I have no intention of giving up any of my luxuries."

"But you must, unless—"

He paused abruptly and set his teeth together, as if afraid to speak further.

"Unless what?"

"Oh, nothing. But, Eve, if Gerald Ashburton offers you any attentions to-night, accept them graciously, won't you?"

"Gerald Ashburton!" Eve's eyes flew wide open with a vicious snap. "He is the most contemptible man I know."

"Evelyn! you did not think so once."

"See here, Robert, do you know what I think now?" Eve stood on tip-toe to put her hands on her tall brother's shoulders. "I do not believe he is Gerald Ashburton."

"What?"

Robert Laughry trembled with excitement.

"I say I do not believe he is Gerald Ashburton. The Gerald we once knew was gentle-hearted, generous, and just. This man is as cruel as the grave."

"But his father, Eve, General Ashburton would surely know his own son. Ten years of foreign travel changes a man's looks, tastes and tempers wonderfully," said Robert, smiling down into the puzzled face.

"It may be. But I respected the Gerald that went away; I despise the man that comes back bearing his name."

"Why, Eve?"

"I tell you I don't know;" with an impatient stamp of her foot: "but I don't like him. There is someting wrong about him; I cannot tell what."

"But you must be civil to him, Eve"

"What for?"

"Because I wish it."

Robert winced under Eve's gaze.

"That is not the reason. You have another—I see it in your face. Tell me what it is, Robert."

"To-morrow will do."

He tried to laugh gaily, but Eve detected the nervousness in his voice.

"Brother, you are not well—or troubled—or something," cried Eve, clasping his arm tightly.

"Nonsense, Eve, I'm well enough. Go and enjoy yourself."

He hastily wrapped the cloak around her shoulders, and hurried her to the carriage; for if there was anything that completely unnerved him, it was Eve's tenderness."

An hour later Eve was one of the gayest in Mrs. Rolfe's aristocratic assembly. Her fresh young face was one of the most admired in the room, and a crowd of admirers were continually around her. One in particular—a tall, bronzed gentleman, with dark fathomless gray eyes, haunted her like a shadow. His wealth and position were unquestionable, for General Ashburton's son was heir to millions. Therefore it is not to be wondered that many bright eyes followed him, or that gracious smiles greeted him on every side, yet without avail, for Gerald Ashburton had eyes for no one but Evelyn Laughry, who shrank from his attentions with a dread she could not understand. She had known Gerald Ashburton from childhood, and the friendliest feelings had once existed between them, but an icy wall of coldness, worldliness, or diffidence, seemed to rise between them, a barrier Eve could not understand, and one which Gerald seemed determined to pass, for he allowed no opportunity of serving her, to elude him.

Eve had more than once doubted the identity of the man, but she could not, for her life, have told *why*. His own father surely would detect any imposition; then why should she doubt him, she often thought, but every glance of his dark cruel eyes only strengthened the doubt. She resolved to test his memory.

"Mr. Ashburton," she began, as they stood under a tall magnolia, in her friend's conservatory, "little Floy died about two weeks after you left for Europe."

"Ah, poor girl," sighed Mr. Ashburton—a perplexed look on his face.

"Girl!" echoed Eve, her violet eyes watching him keenly. "I think your memory is at fault. It was not a girl you left in my keeping."

"Ah, indeed, I—don't remember." His face was growing crimson. "I have forgotten so many things."

"But you would not have forgotten that—at least I promised Gerald Ashburton to give Floy back to him when he returned—the pretty little St. Charles spaniel that you once petted so fondly," said Eve, her eyes flashing indignantly.

"Contact with the world hardens a man," he said, with a forced laugh, as a group of ladies came in sight.

Eve noticed his evident relief, with delight, for the impression that he was not the real Gerald Ashburton was growing on her. Although she had no hope of ever proving her suspicions correct, she determined to watch and wait. If by some means, unknown to any one but himself, he had usurped the real Gerald Ashburton's place in the world, it would come to light in some manner, and Eve resolved to keep herself aloof from the man, until she could analyze the change in him more fully. She went straight to her brother's room, on the following morning, and begged him to allow her an interview.

Robert, who had been the victim of an incurable disease for many years, opened the door himself.

"Why, Eve—" he began, in a surprised tone.

"Robert," broke in Eve, hastily entering the room and closing the door after her, "I am sure I am right about Gerald Ashburton. He is an imposter!"

"Evelyn," her brother said sternly, "what has put such an insane idea into your head?"

Eve recounted her conversation of the previous evening.

Robert looked puzzled.

"This man seems so different from the Gerald we once knew, that I almost fancy your doubts are true."

"Why did you wish me to treat him kindly?"

Robert's face paled slightly.

"Years ago Eve, I endorsed heavily for a man who was deeply in debt to Ashburton. The man died insolvent some years ago, and Gerald is now urging his claim on me. It will swallow up the whole estate, Eve."

"What have I to do with it, Robert? If he does take all we have in the world, we still have each other."

Eve tried to speak steadily, for the news was a great shock to her. But hard as the blow was for her to bear, she knew Robert would feel it more keenly, for he had been an invalid for years, and was physically unable to earn his livelihood.

Robert looked at her sorrowfully.

"Your education and training, Eve, will not be much help to you in your battle with the world. I had hoped—and Gerald expressed a wish that it might be fulfilled—that your attachment to him might ripen into a deeper feeling. In fact, Eve, your marriage with Gerald would secure you a luxurious home."

Eve burst into a flood of passionate tears, and said:

"I will never marry him—never. We will beg our bread first."

Robert smiled.

The idea of this young, dainty creature begging her bread was simply ludicrous. Yet he soothed her very tenderly, for her home was dearly beloved, and the dread of losing it was terrible in the extreme. Their parents had both died when Eve was an infant, and she had been his pet and most precious charge all her life.

"Never fear, Eve," he said tenderly," if the worst comes to the worst, we still, as you say, have each other. I cannot think Ashburton will be so hard on me, for if he would give me a little more time, I think I could save part of my property."

Eve was silenced, but not convinced, and inwardly resolved to appeal to Gerald's father. All his son's present actions seemed so inconsistent with his former character and disposition, that she felt he too must notice the change.

Some days after a man, poorly clad, and pale and worn, as if with suffering, toiled up the winding road that led to the Ashburton mansion. The way seemed familiar to him, for he often paused and laid his hand on some tree or shrub, while his gray eyes would light up with pleasure, and his bearded lips move, as if in thankful prayer.

The general stood on the portico steps, his white hair tossed about by the wintry wind. His face wore an anxious, dissatisfied look, and as the stranger paused before him, and held out his thin hands, he started as if suddenly stricken a blow.

"Father!"

The bearded lips quivered as the stranger spoke, and the next instant the ragged form was clasped in the aged arms.

"My own dear son!" cried the father, while tears of joy rolled down his cheeks; "how could I have been so blind. Eve Laughry was here to-day, and warned me to watch that villain."

"Dear little Eve," was Gerald Ashburton's softly spoken words, as he followed his father into the house, where the strange story was soon told.

Three years before he had been stopping at a hotel in Venice, where another traveler also had rooms. This man's personal appearance tallied so perfectly with his own, that they would have passed for twin brothers. They became intimate, but Gerald never understood Lewis Greyson's standing in the world. He seemed anxious to avoid society, and did not often leave the hotel. One day Gerald, who was fond of rambling about, was surrounded by a squad of soldiers and marched off to prison, as Lewis Grayson, the Austrian spy. He tried in vain to convince the prison officials that they had arrested the wrong man. They laughed in his face, and showed him papers that had been found in his room, telling him that the American traveler had left for home. Then the horrible thought struck him that Greyson, taking advantage of the resemblance, would pass himself off for Gerald Ashburton. How he suffered, and waited, and was finally released, it is needless to tell, but he reached home at length to find Lewis Greyson installed son and heir.

No one had doubted him but Eve Laughry, whose womanly instincts were too keen to be deceived by the deception, clever though it was.

An hour later Greyson came in from a ride, and to his consternation was confronted by the man he had so cruelly wronged.

"Villain!" thundered the old general, "behold my son—my real son!"

"Foiled!" was the only word that broke from his pale lips as he fled from the house, never to be heard from again.

And to-day Eve Laughry Ashburton lays her head on her husband's breast and wonders how any person could imagine her gentle hearted husband could resemble that villain with the cruel eyes.

GOSSIP.—Can the evil wrought by gossip be estimated? We think not. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company if the conversation trenches in the least upon scandal. Many a social, noble-minded woman has been obliged to withdraw herself from a neighborhood intimacy which would have been pleasant otherwise because her remarks were returned by some idle tale bearer, so perverted as to make her doubt the existence of genuine friendship, and accept loneliness for the sake of the safety it brought. You say we must talk "about something." Yes and through that very fact we see a remedy for the evil, to so thoroughly interest ourselves in other and better things that we find no space to spare for our neighbor's affairs. Let us talk of our work, our homes, our house-plants, our books, or our babies. Let us teach our eyes to find beauty everywhere, while we blind them by constant watchfulness to blemish. Never, under any circumstances, cast the first stone. Then, if an erring neighbor goes down, you cannot blame yourself for assisting the downfall. M. S.

Instances of marriage resulting from correspondence between strangers are frequently read of, but the Chicago Tribune tells a different story about a pair who, after exchanging letters, met by appointment in that city. "The surprise with which she discovered that he, instead of being twenty-seven, tall, dark, and aristocratic, was 43, stumpy, red headed, fat, and bow-legged, was only equalled by the rapturous amazement with which he discovered that she, instead, of being willowy of figure, just eighteen, with warm golden hair, an opalescent complexion, and blue eyes like limpid lakes, was six feet one, if she was an inch, 53 if she was a day, weighing 300 pounds if she did an ounce, and with no warm yellow or any other hair of her own."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CHINESE BRIDGES.—There are stone bridges in China three and four miles long, and an arch of the incredible span of three hundred feet.

RUSSIAN COFFINS.—The Russians are peculiar. When coffins are covered with cloth, the color indicates the character of the deceased. If the body is a young person, crimson is used; if a widow, brown; if a father, yellow; but black is never used.

DOUBLE NAMES.—It is stated that the practice of giving children two Christian names was unknown in England before the accession of the Stuarts, that it was very rare down to the Revolution, and never became common till the Hanoverian family occupied the throne.

LASTING TIMBER.—The piles of old London bridge, driven 800 years ago, were found to be in good condition when the new bridge was created in 1829, and those which served as the foundation for Trajan's bridge over the Danube, A. D. 105, are said to be still visible at low stages of water.

THE RABBITS MODE OF FIGHTING.—Rabbits fight in a very singular manner, with perpetual recourse to what French boxers call the *savants*. Each endeavors to leap over the other and kick his adversary's head in doing so. These tactics often inflict much pain and injury upon the combatants, and the animals spring over each other so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements.

NOVEL ADVERTISING.—The latest novelty in advertising in Paris is the gratuitous presentation of pocket handkerchiefs upon one side of which is printed a plan of the city, and on the other any number of advertisements. On arrival one of these indispensable articles is thrust into your hands, or into your cab; and when you are strolling out of your hotel another is at hand ready for your pocket.

CURIOUS INSECTS.—Insects furnish many remarkable examples of analogy between their actions and those devised by intelligent industry. The water gnat, for instance, to keep her eggs afloat in an upright position, so that the tops may be exposed to the air and sun, glues them together side by side, in the form of a boat, which cannot be sunk. Its larva becomes a pupa or chrysalis, from which bursts the gnat, and until it can fly, it makes use of the old pupa skin as a boat. The notonecta, or water boatman, turning on its back, converts its own body into a boat and rows with its long hind legs exactly as with a pair of oars.

NEW USE FOR THE CAT.—It seems that the Belgians have formed a society for the mental and moral improvement of cats. Their first effort has been to train the cat to do the work of the carrier pigeon. Recently, thirty seven cats residing in the city of Liege were taken in bags a long distance into the country. The animals were liberated about two o'clock in the afternoon. At 6:48 the same afternoon one of them reached his home. His feline companions arrived at Liege somewhat later, but it is understood that within twenty four hours every one had reached his home. It is proposed to establish, at an early day, a regular system of cat communication between Liege and the neighboring villages.

A ROMAN STAMP.—A Roman stamp is preserved in the British museum. It is the very earliest specimen we possess of printing by means of ink, or any similar substance. It is made of metal—a sort of Roman brass, the ground of which is covered with a green kind of verdigris dust, with which antique medals are usually covered. The letters rise flush up to the elevation of the exterior rim which surrounds it. Its dimensions are about two inches long by one inch broad. At the back of it is a small ring for the finger, to promote the convenience of holding it. As no person of the name which is inscribed upon it is mentioned in Roman history, he is therefore supposed to have been a functionary of some Roman officer or private steward, and who perhaps used this stamp to save himself the trouble of writing.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.—Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his firm endurance has passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to the glory of his immortal philosophy. Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all. Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at his plow, and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness. To these names may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of the earth. The enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph, all found an El Dorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the great and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads.

AT THE CONVENT GATE.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Wistaria blossoms trail and fall
Above the length of barrier wall;
And softly, now and then,
The shy, staid breasted doves will flit
From roof to gateway top, and sit
And watch the ways of men.

The gate's ajar. If one might peep!
Ah, what a haunt of rest and sleep
The shadowy garden seems!
And note how dimly to and fro
And grave, grey-hooded Sisters go,
Like figures seen in dreams.

Look, there is one that tells her beads;
And yonder one apart that reads
A tiny missal's page:
And see, beside the well, the two
That, kneeling, strive to lure anew
The magpie to its cage!

Not beautiful—not all! But each
With that mild grace, outlying speech,
Which comes of even blood;
The Veil unseen that women wear
With heart-whole thought, and quiet care
And hope of higher good.

"A placid life—a peaceful life!
What need to these the name of Wife?
What gentler talk (I said)—
What worthier—e'en your arts among—
Than tend the sick, and teach the young,
And give the hungry bread?"

"No worthier task!" re-echoes She,
Who (closelier clinging) turns with me
To face the road again:
—And yet, in that warm heart of hers,
She means the doves', for she prefers
To "watch the ways of men."

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XLV.—[CONTINUED.]

CONTINUATION OF GRACE CHAGWYNNE'S NARRATIVE.

OH! that I had wings like a dove!' she said, in the words of the Psalmist, "'for then would I fly away, and be at rest.' Janniper, if I could fly away across that dreary sea I might be saved, but I am chained here, and the net of the fowler is around me." Then she leant her head upon Janniper's honest hands, and wept aloud. "I am like one standing between two fires," she said; "on either side of me is destruction. If I stay here I shall perish by my own hand, or Mr. Sherborne will kill me. Last night, being mad with drink, he held a pistol to my temple, and said the laws were bad, that they did not let a man shoot an unruly wife. Then he flung the weapon down, and struck me with his hand. Janniper, I can never forgive a blow—never! And yet if I go—if I listen——oh! where is the arm that will succor me, where is the tongue that can give me counsel?"

"Have you no friends?" asked Janniper, pitifully.

"Over the sea," she said, wringing her hands together. "I have a brother and a little sister, whose faces I shall never see again. Mr. Sherborne was a proud man when I married him, and he gave my father money to go away to a distant land. But he did not live long after he had settled there. Heaven help me! I have no friends now."

"Go over the sea to your brother," said Janniper, bravely; "or else try at home to be a more loving wife."

She shook her head at these last words, and said, "It is too late for that!"

"Master is worse since Mr. Carbis came," continued Janniper, looking in her face; "why don't you make him go away?"

"I dare not whisper such a thing," she cried, clinging to the girl. "Mr. Sherborne owes Mathew Carbis more money than he has in the world to pay him."

"And the longer he stays the more he'll owe him," returned Janniper, "for they play every night, and master always loses."

"Then I stand between a madman and a traitor," she said, covering her beautiful face with her trembling hands. "Oh Janniper! the great wide sea bars my way to peace. If I could but cross it, I should be safe. There are some facts which we must flee, and some which we must fight. But I can neither fight nor fly. So I shall live to be a world's wonder, and die as the wicked die, without a prayer."

For some little time after the talk I have been telling you about, Janniper noticed Mrs. Sherborne was colder to Mathew Carbis; but he soon persuaded her that he only played with Mr. Sherborne to keep him from the wine bottle, not to win his money. Thus the wicked lover made his peace, and again they whispered together, she with a white, frightened face, he with a crafty look of triumph.

Frightened at seeing this, Janniper spoke of it to Michael, and he told it again to young Lord Crehylls, hoping that poor boy would see the wickedness and folly of loving Walter Sherborne's wife. But, blinded by her beauty, and meaning no disloyalty himself, he could not believe in treachery: so he took her part warmly, and Michael's daily warnings only vexed him.

"See here, Michael," he said: "I would not wrong that beautiful lady in word or thought, for all the glory the world can offer me; and I will never let her be wronged by another. If this man Carbis, this false friend of her husband's, dares to insult her, he shall answer for it to me."

Now Michael loved Crehylls as he did his life, for although one was a lord, and the other only a poor lad, yet they had slept in the same cradle, and been nursed on the same bosom. They were foster-brothers, and considering the difference in their rank, I don't think real brothers could have loved each other more. So it grieved Michael almost to death to see the poor lad running his soul into sin for this unhappy lady. Being six months older than Lord Crehylls, he thought he had a right to advise him.

"But I tell you my love is no sin, Michael," he would say; "for I would not tell her of it if I could. To me she is like a lily set upon a rock, which I may admire at a distance, but never climb up thither to gather, or touch with my lips."

"You are mistaken," Michael would answer, "and sin will only come of it unless you flee away from this place."

Now about this time the hawker, or peddler, as some call him, came to our churchtown, and he went up to Castle Crehylls, and showed his jewels; and after that he came to St. Eglon's Hut; and Mr. Sherborne bought a pair of ear-rings for Janniper, and a brooch for his little daughter, telling him, as he left, to come again, and may be they would make a deal. Janniper knew what this meant, for she had overheard the man say he bought old jewels, and she had seen Mr. Sherborne fetch from his chamber an old fashioned watch, and a necklace of flashing crystals; but he had not offered enough for them, and they were put away again. She guessed by this that her master wanted money sorely.

That same day Lord Crehylls, walking alone in the wood, had come suddenly on Mathew Carbis and Mrs. Sherborne as they stood together, talking so earnestly that they never heard his footstep.

"No, no," said Mrs. Sherborne. "I cannot—I will not. I will go to America. I will find my brother."

"You are mad to refuse," returned Carbis, snatching at her hand, and drawing her towards him,—"it is your fate——"

But at this moment she caught sight of Lord Crehylls, and starting back hastily, she cried:

"Unhand me, Mr. Carbis! You forget yourself, sir. I will not be insulted."

White as death the man leant against a tree, and glanced at the stripling who came forward and offered Mrs. Sherborne his protection.

"Madam, permit me to escort you to St. Eglon's," he said. "That man is a coward indeed who could insult you."

Carbis bit his lips, but restrained his passion.

"Lord Crehylls, we shall meet again one day," was all he said, as a half smile twitched his thin mouth. Then he lifted his hat to Mrs. Sherborne, and allowed her to depart, leaning on the arm of the inexperienced boy, whom she had bewildered by her beauty.

Whether she was really angry with her crafty lover, and feared his passion and his power, or whether she was only acting a play to save herself, and deceive the young Lord Crehylls, I cannot say. I only know from this time he was more her champion than ever. And when he told all this scene to Michael, he said triumphantly that no one should utter another calumny in his hearing respecting Mrs. Sherborne and Mathew Carbis. All the country-side talked of these two now, wondering at Mr. Sherborne's blindness; and Michael, warned by Janniper, had often entreated the young lord to free himself from his foolish faith in a woman, who was betraying her husband.

Michael then was much relieved in mind, when Mr. Lanyon, sending for him to the Castle, told him he had arranged a long cruise for young Lord Crehylls in one of His Majesty's frigates then in Plymouth Sound with the Fleet.

"And since among all his friends and tenants there is no heart so knit to him as yours, Michael," said Mr. Lanyon, "I wish you to ride with him to Plymouth, and see him safe on board."

"I'd go through fire and water for him, your honor," returned Michael. "And I'm pewelry glad he is going far away from them that would do him hurt."

The evening they departed comes back upon my mind as clear as though it was but yesterday. The young lord scarce spoke a word in going, and Michael, too, was whisht and silent as a graveyard. They had been together most all the day, wandering up and down the woods, roving close round St Eglon's Hut; but never once catching sight of the beautiful face which, like an evil spell, worked woe upon all who looked upon it.

There had been a terrific quarrel at the Hut that day, and Janniper, trembling as she listened, felt sure that Walter Sherborne had at last put his foot upon the viper who, with seeming friendship, had crawled to his hearth. But the words that were uttered came so furiously and fast that she dared not creep near enough to hear them; yet she thought that she could not be mistaken when she saw Carbis, with malice and hate upon his white face, creep stealthily from the house alone and plunge into the wood.

"He is gone forever," she said to herself. "He'll never come within these doors again."

Soon after this she heard her master lock himself in his own room, and he had been there an hour, when the peddler came up the wild and weedy garden, and asked for him. But when she knocked at Walter Sherborne's door, and told him this, he sent a bitter oath through the panels at her teeth, and bade her tell the man he would not sell the jewels now; he had disposed of them other ways.

"It's all one to me," returned the hawker, carelessly. "But won't the lady look at my wares?"

Then, catching sight of that dreary, lovely face at the window, he hastened to undo his pack, and, opening the lid of the jewel case, the sun lighted upon the gems, sending sparkling rays and brilliant flames of many-colored fires flashing upwards between her and him. Yet they could not turn her eyes from the sea. She shook her head wearily, and never looked again; but Janniper saw at another window the face of Walter Sherborne, wearing a haggard and dreadful look—a look which was gone in an instant, as a flash of lightning vanishes even as you see it, then, perceiving he was observed, he flung up the sash with the hand of a madman.

"Begone!" he cried, angrily. "Why do you come here, flashing your devil's wares in a man's sight?"

"No offence, sir, I hope?" said the peddler, locking the box hurriedly, then departing with a sturdy step through the tangled weeds of the wasted garden.

Janniper, being somewhat frightened, hastened back to her kitchen, from whence she saw her master hurrying down the cliff to the sea. He had a great coat on, though the time was Autumn and the weather sultry. His little daughter, who was prattling by Janniper's side, clambered to the casement and called after him, "Papa! papa! if you are going upon the sea take me with you."

The ruined, wretched gentleman turned his head at her voice, and tried hard to smile.

"It is too rough for rowing," he cried. "You cannot come."

Now the sea was like glass, and through all the air there brooded that dead calm, which is but the stillness of the tempest, as it gathers its breath together.

"I hope your papa is not going for a sail," said Janniper, "for there'll be a terrible storm afore night."

Yet when the sun set with crimson flashes in the sky, the wings of the storm still brooded silently on the earth; and it was not till darkness fell that distant peals of thunder, and sullen drops of rain, came like notes of warning to tell of the coming strife.

As Janniper sat alone that night, listening to the moan of the sea and the roll of the pealing thunder, there stole upon her unawares the slight form of her beautiful mistress. She was dressed for walking, and she carried a little packet. Then, as Janniper gazed at her bewildered, she clutched her by the arm, and the girl felt through her fevered clasp that she was trembling from head to foot.

"Janniper," she said, wistfully, "I am going. You will never see my face again."—"Going!" cried Janniper, gasping for for breath.

"Yes: I am going over the sea," she answered. "I have found that my jewels will pay my passage. Janniper, he and the child will be better without me. I have wished the little one good-bye in her sleep. Her father wants no farewell from me; and I leave him the child, the only thing he loves. I would not be so cruel as to take her from him; yet it is a terrible wrench to leave her. I am not all heartless—God knows it."

She broke down, and wept a moment, then dashed her tears away.

"There is no time for this folly," she said. "Janniper, I know I can trust you, but if you fear being questioned when your master returns, go home to your mother's, and do not come back till morning; then say I gave you leave to stay away."

Janniper was crying bitterly, and could scarcely answer her.

"Going?" she faltered. "But are you going in safe company? And will that ogly man, Mr. Carbis, come back here?" she asked.

"No, never," she said. "And do not fear for me, Janniper. I am going with a friend who will see me safe to the ship. Oh this sea, this deep, wide sea," she cried, stretching her hands out longingly towards the cliff, "how I yearn to cross it, and put its rolling waters between me and my sins and troubles! I go to a new life, Janniper; pray for me that it may be a better one than the life I leave."

Then she stooped and kissed her on the lips.

"I am full of forebodings," she said. "I feel as though no good woman's lips would ever touch mine again. Now, Janniper, will you go? Then you will be spared the pain of seeing me leave. Go at once; for I must hurry away, lest Mr. Sherborne return and stop me."

Oh, how Janniper prayed that he might come! Then she thought "I will throw my arms around them both, and pray them, for the love of God, and of their little child, to be reconciled one to the other."

But her prayer was not granted, and when she went up through St. Eglon's wood, she saw Mrs. Sherborne standing beneath the dripping trees in the wild garden, with hand shading her eyes, gazing out upon the roughened sea.

The storm was over about ten o'clock, and then Janniper, frightened about the child, resolved to return to the Hut. I went with her, and we tried first to go through the wood; but the stream was swollen to a torrent, we could not cross it, and we had to go back over many a fallen tree, to the high road, and go round that way to the house. It was eleven when we reached. The door was still unfastened as Janniper had left it; in the kitchen the fire had died out, and all was blank darkness and silence. When she clutched the tinder-box and struck a light, we searched through the house and found it empty, except for the little child who was sleeping as peaceful as a babe.

"Where can master be, and where is Mr. Carbis?" said Janniper, in a whisper.

I had no answer to give her, and so we two lighted the fire and sat down by it, telling up the the dismalliest stories till well nigh upon two o'clock, when Mr. Sherborne's voice brought us to our feet, as scared as though the dead had called us.

"Where is Mr. Carbis?" were the first words he said, as we opened the door to him.

"He is not here, sir," answered Janniper.

Then, as the candle flashed upon his face I saw it working in a ghastly manner, and he reeled against the wall like a drunken man.

"Not here!" he said. "Then where can he be gone? I have searched for him these hours past. Is your mistress in her room?"

Then Janniper had to tell that she was gone, while Mr. Sherborne listened as one in a dream, dimly comprehending what he heard.

"She gave me leave to go to mother's," said Janniper, "and when I returned, the door was ajar, the fire out, and the house empty."

"She has fled with that cur Crehylls!" cried Mr. Sherborne.

"No, sir," I answered angrily. "Lord Crehylls and my brother are gone to Plymouth; and he is but a boy,—and too good and honorable to steal your wife from you, even were he old enough to dare do such a deed. Janniper says Mrs. Sherborne is gone to America, to her friends."

"That's a lie!" he answered, slowly.

"Then where is Mr. Carbis?" I cried. "She is gone with him, maybe."

In answer, Mr. Sherborne used strange words, which came against him at his trial.

"With Carbis?" he said. "No, no,—I know better than that. There, there, if she is gone with Carbis, I forgive her. We'll find her dead some day if she is with him. There's murder in the air about that man."

Then he fell back on his chair, and all the grief and horror rustling in his speech and aspect broke forth, first in a wild laugh, then in a gush of tears. We fetched him brandy; and, as he held out his shaking hand to take the glass, I saw blood upon his cuff, and his wristband all stained red. I started back; and then he turned up his sleeve, and looked upon the blood spot.

"It is nothing," he said,—"only a scratch I got upon the cliff. I thought to have fallen in the sea when I slipped; but I seized a bush—a prickly one—and saved myself. There,—pester me no more! I'll go to bed, and sleep, if I can."

He went to his room; but when the Autumn morning came in with rain and mist, he was still pacing his chamber.

Far and near people talked of Mrs. Sherborne's elopement, wondering if she had indeed sailed across the sea, or was gone, like a guilty woman, with her wicked lover, the missing Carbis.

Thus a few days went by, the forsaken husband shut up in loneliness the while, speaking to no one; and then a little girl, a woodman's daughter, bringing her father's dinner to him in the wood, called to him from the brook-side, "Father, father, here's a dead man washed ashore!"

Then the woodman flung down his axe, and rushed towards her, down the steep brake to the river's brink; and there, lying on the soft green moss, was the body of a murdered man. Kneeling by his side, the woodman saw the great gash upon his temple, which had let his life out, and beheld his face broken and bruised as with a rock.

"'Tis some poor gentleman drowned at sea, and washed up the river by the tide," said the woodman, pitifully. "Come away, child! He's a ghastly sight; he's been in the water so long."

But the little girl stood by the body still.

"Who is it, father?" she whispered.

"Who can tell!" said the man, leaning over the dreadful sight again. "May be there was a wreck out at sea in that storm the other night; and yet I never heard tell of any poor wrecked creature being washed up the cove so high as this. At all events, it is a gentleman—poor men don't wear

ot hes like these, and his hands have never done hard work."

He lifted one hand from the grass, and with it there rose a sparkle, like a drop of fire fallen from the sun.

"What's that?" said the woodman, bending low.

"Father, it's a ring! Father, it is Mr. Carbis's ring!" cried the girl. "I saw him cseal a letter with it, that day I took some flower roots to the lady. I carried the letter to the post for him, and on the wax there was a bird, with an adder coiled around it. Yes! yes, here's the same upon the ring."

It was true. Nor was this the only proof. The dead man's watch and chain were in his pocket, and his linen was marked with his name in full, "Mathew Carbis."

It was plain, then, he was not killed for robbery, but for revenge and hate. And who had such cause to hate him as Walter Sherborne? The bitter quarrel between them, on the day he was missed, was remembered, and Mr. Sherborne's absence for many hours, and his return home at night with blood upon his wrist were counted as still stronger proofs against him. All this Janniper and I had to tell, both of us unwillingly, for we knew Mathew Carbis to be an evil man, and thought his wicked love cause enough to bring a just death upon his head, from the hand of his wronged friend.

My brother, Michael Polgrain, came home on the day Mr. Sherborne was condemned, and when he heard the news, he seized me by both my hands and fixed his eyes upon my face without speaking a word.

"Michael! Michael!" I cried. "Art thee gone mad?"

Then he staggered to a chair, and his voice was but a whisper, when he said at last, "Mr. Carbis dead!—found murdered by the river!—and Mr. Sherborne tried for his life! I can never rest again if this be true. And the ship has sailed, sister—the ship has sailed."

"Thank God it has," I answered; "for this would be ill news for young Lord Crehylls."

"Terrible news for him," said Michael. And fixing his eyes on me again, all the color went slowly, slowly from his face, leaving it like a dead man's. You see he was but a lad, and his pity and his horror were both greater than his strength.

At first there was a double fear through the country, people thinking the peddler was murdered too; for he was missing from his lodgings since the day he had come to St. Egloa's Hut. But luckily all suspicion of foul play respecting him was soon removed; for Michael had met him many miles away upon the road, walking fast, with his pack as usual on his shoulders. Some miners coming late at night from Bal had seen him also. There was a woman with him then; but he was alone when Michael saw him, so the woman might have been some laborer's wife, with whom he talked as he went along. Thinking he might have seen Mr. Sherborne in the wood and could perhaps give useful evidence, the magistrates searched and advertised for him far and near; but if he saw the advertisements, he never heeded them, and he has never visited these parts again from that day to this; neither has any news ever reached us of Mrs. Sherborne. Whatever her fate may be, it remains a mystery to this hour.

As for her most unhappy husband, he was tried at the sessions for the murder, and found guilty, and he died by his own hand in prison three days afterwards. His little daughter was taken to him after he was condemned, and I have heard say his farewell of her was a heart-rending sight. Michael also went to see him; but beyond these two, there was not a friend or relative to comfort the forlorn man in his last hours. He died impenitent, protesting his innocence to the last. None believed him, though there were not wanting tongues who blamed Mr. Lanyon for the haste with which he hurried on the trial. He was the magistrate that committed him, and the one who hunted up evidence against him. Some thought he done this for Lord Crehylls' sake, fearing if Mr. Sherborne escaped there would be a duel between these two, as in prison he had been wicked enough to say he knew his wife was gone abroad with the young lord. Many a time there has lain a doubt upon my own mind whether or no this was true. The doubt came through Michael's grief and pain, which were so dreadful that he scarce seemed in his right mind. And it is plain enough to this day, that he knows more than he will ever tell to any living soul on earth. He was the only one that believed Mr. Sherborne innocent, and this belief has so preyed on his mind, that ever since his death Michael has never seen the sun. No matter how bright the day may be, he goes along gropingly, not blind, but seeing all things as through a veil, dull and gray as his own face. This, we say in Cornwall, is the fate of the man who swears away falsely the life of another, but Michael was never called on to speak at Mr. Sherborne's trial. What could he have to tell, when, on the very day of the murder, he had ridden away with Lord Crehylls!

Janniper and I were witnesses, and I swear we told the truth as plainly and as kindly as we could. It was not our evidence that condemned Mr. Sherborne—it was the testimony of a poor thatcher, who on that day was mending a cottage roof. From this height he saw Mathew Carbis enter the wood; next he saw the peddler pass, and gave him good day; then, an hour afterwards, came Mr. Sherborne, walking hurriedly, with his greatcoat on, and a stout stick in his hand; and he, too, plunged into the wood. Of these three men the thatcher only saw two return—the peddler first, who went up the pathway through the fields, whistling, as he often did, as he walked. He had evidently crossed the wood by the path running through it; but not so Mr. Sherborne, for he emerged on the same side by which he entered, and crouching beneath the hedge, ran warily till he reached an old shaft, round which there lay great moor-stones, piled up high. Here the thatcher, whose eyes pursued him in the dusk, lost him for a moment; but when he appeared again he saw he was without his greatcoat and stick. He thought this somewhat strange, and talked of it to his neighbors. Thus, when the body of Carbis was discovered and suspicion pointed to Mr. Sherborne, a search was made beneath the moor-stones; and, finding nothing there, ropes and ladders were procured, and the old shaft explored. Here they found the coat and stick—one floating in the water, the other caught by the projecting rock. It was blood stained, and one of its many capes was torn away, as though in a great struggle.

Mr. Sherborne could give no explanation of the blood stains, neither would he name his reason for flinging the coat down the old shaft. He denied the murder, but would not render an account of his time during his long absence from home that evening and night. In fact, he had no defence to bring forward, and throughout his trial he seemed like a man overwhelmed by his own guilt, and utterly broken down, bewildered—stunned as it were—by the speedy discovery and punishment of his crime.

With such frightful evidence before them the jury could only return one verdict, and Mr. Sherborne was condemned to be executed at Bodmin, three days after the sentence. Not one soul, throughout the county believed him innocent except my brother Michael; and why such a whisht fancy should work in his brain to this day, I can never tell.

Mr. Lanyon was very good to the forlorn little orphan, who lay weeping and friendless at St. Egloa's Hut. Finding no relative of her father's willing to take her, he sent her up to London to school, but what became of her when she grew up I cannot say.

Lord Crehylls did not return home till all the talk about this terrible story had died away. He was a man then, and he did not like to hear a word said concerning his foolish boy-love for Mrs Sherborne, the more especially as he was Miss Lanyon's lover now. She was a good and lovely lady, and the heiress of Penkivel and much wealth besides. When she and Lord Crehylls married, all the country, gentle and simple, was pleased and wished them joy with one voice. And never did a young couple begin life with more love for each other, or a greater prospect of happiness; yet in a few years all was shattered and both were left a wreck.

Old Mr Lanyon had a ward, a young lady of great beauty, named Madeline Sylvester. She and Lady Crehylls were no great friends, yet she came often to the Castle, or they met at Penkivel, when the young couple went down there to stay. Miss Sylvester had a lover, a gallant gentleman, who, through years of patient love, had hoped on till he won her consent to be his wife; but, like a cake of thin ice, all was treacherous when it seemed most smooth. Miss Sylvester left the Castle on the very day that Lord Crehylls deserted his wife leaving her desolate and broken-hearted. Where she went, or what became of her, has never been known down here. My lady laid upon her all the blame of her husband's cruel departure and even fancied that she had stolen her child. But she knew afterwards the boy was with his father. He should not have taken from his wife the one little comforter who might have solaced her misery, but I don't think the blame of that lies with Miss Sylvester; yet Mr. Lanyon's illness does, for I took the letter to him myself which struck him down with paralysis, and he was never sensible again.

What Lady Crehylls felt when she found herself bereaved both of husband and child, none dare guess. The friends that pressed around her she would not see or speak with. She soon left the Castle and went down to Penkivel, where she solaced her father's declining days, and where she has lived ever since. She and sorrow have never parted company; for soon after her father's death news came to her that her boy was drowned, then her husband died, and was brought to Penkivel to be buried. People say it was his dying wish to lie there, rather than with his forefathers at Crehylls. So perhaps on his death-bed his love went back to his wife, and he yearned in death to be near the true heart, that he had forsaken in life.

Each sad event that has occurred to him, has brought again to men's lips the story of Mathew Carbis and Walter Sherborne. When Lord Crehylls forsook his fair young wife and become an exile, as some thought for Miss Sylvester's sake, people said of him that he was a feeble man, given to foolish loves from his boyhood. When he died, they remarked that his age and Walter Sherborne's were the same; and they wondered if any remembrance of that unhappy man had intruded on his dying thoughts. Listening to such talk as this, I have seen my brother Michael's white face grow gray as ashes; for in all the sorrows of Lord Crehylls he has borne a part and shared the suffering. Often he has hinted to me dimly, that when all secrets are revealed it will be known that Lord Crehylls was not so guilty as the world supposed when he deserted his wife at Madeline Sylvester's command.

With these words Grace Chagwynne's story ended.

Alfred Singleton listened intently to this history, which Grace told at intervals, taking it up like broken threads, while she sat at her knitting; and the boy, as he listened fancied much of it had come to him long ago in dreams. Then as the story grew and lengthened, there rose in his mind indistinct words and shadows, through which the names of Carbis and Sherborne came to him, mingled with tears and sobs, and the prayers of a weary man; or, turning calmly, proudly away from his own small clinging hands, his memory recalled the pale beautiful face of Madeline, tearless and unpitiful.

"Did Lord Crehylls die at Naples?" he asked, fixing his wistful eyes on Grace.

"Yes," she answered, glancing at him with a strange look; "and the name of the woman whose memory must have made his dying pillow bitter, was Madeline."

"Madeline," repeated the boy, as his thin hands fell in hopeless patience, "and through her Lady Crehylls lost both husband and child?"

"Yes," returned Grace—"an only child, and a husband, dearly loved. Through her, while they both lived, she was a widow and childless; through her when they died she never smoothed their dying pillow, never heard their last words, never had their last kiss. Her boy perished in a foreign land, and her husband came back to her dead."

Alfred Singleton heard this, and lifted his steadfast eyes to Grace's face.

"I will not go to Penkivel," he said, gently. "I think it would be cruel to go there. Michael Polgrain has loved Lord Crehylls like a true friend all his life long. I think he will be kind to me. I will go to sea with him, if he will take me."

"Never fear," returned Grace, "he will take thee, child, and be the truest friend that ever orphan had."

Michael Polgrain, whose heart yearned strangely towards the friendless boy, was well pleased when his sister made known to him the child's request.

"I'll take him a voyage, or two," he said, "for his health's sake. The boy would die upon the land, that's plain."

So, in a few days more, the little Alfred was far away upon the sea, saved from the cruel clutch of Mr. Whalley, and beyond the reach of the desperate search made for him by Madeline Singleton.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"WELL, I have been to Devonshire, and seen Whalley," said Mr. Rathline, flinging himself on a couch in the parlor of an inn where he and Madeline met at times; "and the boy is not found, nor likely to be found."

"You went to your friend Whalley, not believing me," observed Madeline, quietly. "It was for this journey you demanded money. I knew it all the time."

"And what then?" asked Mr. Rathline. "I am not the sort of fellow to take a woman's word for anything. If Alfred dies, you come into a pretty heap of money. I know that."

Madeline despised the man too much to be indignant at this insinuation, but she looked him calmly in the face.

"If I covet the fortune," she said, "which Tom willed should fall to me on Alfred's death, why did I not take it when—when the boat went down?"

"Because I did not let you," replied Rathline, tapping his boots with his tasselled cane, and laughing triumphantly. "I hid the child at the house of your devoted admirer, De Briancourt, and prepared you for the truth gradually."

Madeline rose and paced the room. Her face was death white and full of anguish.

"Are your nerves giving way?" asked Mr. Rathline, sneeringly. "The whole thing is safe enough, if you don't peach. There is only one person we have to be afraid of, and that is Alice. But she is not likely to see the boy."

Madeline made no answer to this; but she asked, abruptly, "What did Whalley tell you?"

"He said there was no tidings of the lad in the West," replied Mr. Rathline; "neither at Crehylls nor Penkivel."

"I shall go and search for him myself," said Madeline.

Mr. Rathline looked at her suspiciously. "She is repenting," he thought to himself, "and she means to make a scapegoat of me; but she shall find herself mistaken."

"It is useless looking for him," he said. "I believe the boy is dead. All the money is in your own hands: give me half of it, and let us make an end of the matter."

Madeline looked at the man with weary eyes.

"Do you fancy me so weak?" she said, scornfully. "Who has benefitted by the poor child's life but Richard Rathline? But Richard Rathline shall not benefit by his death. If he be really dead, I will never give you another penny."

"Oh come," said the swaggerer, contemptuously, "I know better than that. If you indulge yourself in that sort of talk I shall demand three fourths of Tom's money instead of half."

"The fortune left to Alfred Singleton shall never be touched by your grasping hands," said Madeline, firmly. "In what I have done I have always meant justice, not robbery. I save every penny of the income, and I add to it every year. I work, I sing, I act, only for that; and I will never rest till I have made the boy's fortune equal to the one he would have had if ——"

"Why not let him have his own, then?" interrupted Mr. Rathline, savagely. "When I told you the truth, two days after Tom's death, it was not too late. You might have restored the boy to the paternal arms in the style you are used to on the stage, and have received my lord's blessing, and my lady's also."

This taunt made Madeline snow-white. She held the back of the chair by which she stood, with both hands, thus steadying herself to speak calmly.

"You do not understand me," she said. "How can I think to be understood by a man like you? When you told me who the child was that my husband had died to save, I cried out, this was another dreadful injustice, and that there was no God in the world; but when you went on to divulge your scheme to me, I fancied I saw in it a retribution. Groping blindly for the justice I love, I imagined it was placed miraculously in my hands. As they had meted out to me, so would I measure to them. They had reared me under a false name, with a cloud of shame about me; I would do the same for him. They had filled my childish imagination with terror of a father whom they falsely called vile; I would give their child a father really vile—a father at whose remembrance he should shudder, as I did at mine."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Rathline, coolly; "but I flatter myself the boy rather likes me."

Madeline, however, did not heed him.

"But through all this, I never meant to do less for him than Mr. Lanyon did for me," she continued. "I meant to educate him, and give him a fortune as great as the one he has lost. It never entered into my scheme of justice to let the boy be a homeless vagabond upon the earth—an outcast given up to crime. So he must be found, Richard Rathline; he must, he shall be found!"

"I tell you I believe he is dead," repeated Mr. Rathline. "And a good thing too; the whole matter will be off one's conscience now."

Madeline wrung her hands together hopelessly.

"You deceived me about the school," she said; "your friend Whalley is a cruel villain. But for his ill-treatment the boy would not have run away."

"I was obliged to put the child with a friend, who would not ask questions," returned Mr. Rathline, sullenly. "Come, my question is the money question. I want to get back to that."

"You are a vulture who is never satisfied," replied Madeline, fiercely. "I have worked incessantly to supply your needs, but you shall not make me rob for you."

"Nonsense; if the boy is dead, the money is yours. I wonder you are so squeamish," observed Mr. Rathline. "I call this little plot something beyond robbery."

"It is justice. And I wish it to be neither more nor less than justice," said Madeline, walking up and down the room swiftly. "It is you who give it a dress of villainy, as you do everything you touch."

"I call things by their right names," returned Mr. Rathline, with a low whistle, "and you'll find that the lawyers at the Old Bailey will too."

"Do you think the Crehylls would ever dare accuse me of wrong towards them?" cried Madeline, turning on him fiercely. "Have I no wrongs? Where is my father lying now through the villainy of the Crehylls and the Lanyons? I tell you his blood always cries to me from that prison ground to avenge him, and I will! I am not afraid to take justice into my own hands; they had no fear when they took injustice into theirs. Human beings must right themselves; the world never hears the voice of the oppressed."

"All this fine talk signifies nothing," observed Mr Rathline. "Let us come to the point. What do you mean to do with Alfred's money?"

"I shall keep it for the boy who bears his name," she replied.

"And if he is dead, or can never be found?" reiterated Mr Rathline.

"I do not believe in either of these suppositions; but in case of the first, I shall leave the money to Alice," replied Madeline.

"And meanwhile, what do you mean to give me?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said, "until the child is found, then I will continue to supply your extravagance as I have done."

This prospect by no means pleased Mr Rathline; he wanted money at once, and hope of finding the boy appeared to him very doubtful.

"I am not going to be bullied," he said. "If you don't give me money, I know another woman who will."

"Do you mean Alice?" she asked.

"No, I mean Lady Crehylls. I expect she will be glad to give me a good sum for this little history," remarked Mr. Rathline, with a triumphant leer.

Madeline's face grew marble white, but she answered steadily. "Lady Crehylls would not believe you. And all the power and influence of the present Lord Crehylls would be set against you."

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Rathline. "He is a poor weak fool; he would give up the title and estates directly, if he knew his nephew was alive."

"The title and estates are justly his," replied Madeline; "the son of a felon cannot inherit them. And if you see Lady Crehylls and she listens to you, I will divulge her husband's crime to all the world. Every one shall know that he was the man who slew Mathew Carbis."

"That is no consequence to me, so that I get her ladyship to pay me well," said Mr. Rathline, trying to assume his old swagger. But something in Madeline's words had shaken him, and his impudence took an uneasy air. "Look here he resumed. "I don't want to quarrel—that would be foolish in you and me—I'll give you till to-morrow to think over my proposition."

"And what is your proposition?" asked Madeline.

"Why, that you give me a good round sum down, and have done with me," replied Mr. Rathline.

"I cannot," returned Madeline. "I have only my professional income."

"You have all Alfred's fortune," he persisted. "It was yours, as you know, from the day Tom was drowned; and considering all things, I think half of it my fair right."

"Not a penny of it is your right," said Madeline. "It is useless to argue with me on this point. I hold the money in trust for the boy to whom I have given Alfred Singleton's name. And I will double it for him if I can."

"Your honesty is of the queerest kind I ever met with," observed Mr Rathline, in an indignant tone. "You think nothing of stealing a man's child, but you won't touch money which is positively your own."

"Not mine while the boy lives who personates your son," replied Madeline. "And how do you know I think nothing of what I have done? I tell you I think till I am mad. But for the constant thought of my father's death, and my mother's sorrows, my days and nights would be one long agony of repentence."

She ceased, with quivering lips, and covered her face with both her small trembling hands.

"Well, I must say I shouldn't like to have your conscience," observed the easy Mr. Rathline, with great self content. "It must be plaguey annoying to have anything on one's mind. I have just seen a fellow who——" But here he checked himself, and turned suddenly to another subject. "It was a great loss to me," he said. "when Alfred got drowned; because, naturally and dutifully, when he grew up, he would take care of his father; and, of course I should have expected, too, this other lad to do his duty by me, and no doubt he would. But now the young fellow has run away and got lost or killed, there is nothing to expect, except what I hope for from you. Come now, you are a just woman. So I say again, halves, or else I split on the whole affair."

Madeline looked at the selfish, easy, callous man in a bewildered way. She did not see how this villain had taken advantage of her vindictive moodiness to accomplish a fraud, by which he gained in the present and looked for greater gains in the future. To have a son who possessed a fortune was to be rich himself one day, and to have a hold on Madeline was to have a hand always in her purse. Now, however, that the supposititious Alfred Singleton was lost, he began to be frightened, and he was secretly resolved to wring money from Madeline and depart for America, while he was yet safe. He had confessed to Whalley that the boy was not his, but had not given him a true version of the child's history. He had only said enough to whet the schoolmaster's avarice and curiosity, so as to ensure his further search being an earnest one, while at the same time he had impressed on his old friend the necessity of its being as private as possible. Advertisements and rewards in the case of such a run-a way would never do. But though he had done all this, Mr. Rathline's faith in the boy's recovery was very small, and so of course now was his corresponding faith in the future enjoyment of his supposed son's property. And when he reflected who Mr. Whalley was, he began to think he should, on the whole, be safer on the other side of the sea. Out of old habit he had given him part of his confidence. Thus self interest doubly urged him to escape, but to escape without money was impossible; so he came to Madeline, bent on gaining as much as possible from her fears. To his obtuse mind, it seemed a kind of unfairness that she should refuse him the half of his son's fortune, and her obstinacy on this point irritated him.

"I shall split on you," he repeated, brutally, "unless you listen to reason. What! isn't a man to take care of himself in this world?"

"Lady Crehylls will not listen to you," said Madeline, desperately.

"Well, I shall try her; and if she won't, Mr. Pellew will," observed Mr. Rathline, in his coolest voice.

This blow struck home. Faint with the flood of anguish that rolled upon her heart, Madeline clutched the bully by the arm to save herself from falling.

"Give me till to morrow evening, as you proposed," she said feebly," "and then come to me for an answer."

"Of what use to come to your place," he asked, "when you know that Alice will listen to all we say, even if she screws herself through the keyhole to do it?"

"Come all the same," said Madeline, drearily. "I will simply say yes or no. Alice will understand nothing from that. Here is something to last you till then."

She slipped some money into the cowardly, dastardly hand that had never worked for itself, and then got into the coach that awaited her, and drove swiftly away.

* * * * * * *

The next evening, when Mr. Rathline presented himself in Madeline's drawing-room, he found Alice seated there alone. Her eyes were red with weeping. Now, if Mr. Rathline possessed one human weakness, it was a slight partiality for his daughter, so he looked at her with some concern.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The matter is," returned Alice, snappishly, "that I won't stand it any longer. You are worse than the brutes, father; even the lowest creatures care for their offspring."

"And don't I care for you?" asked Mr. Rathline, sentimentally.

"I am not speaking of myself," said Alice, with a gush of genuine tears, "but of poor little Alfred. You have kept him and yourself out of my sight for nearly three years; and now, when at last you come to pay me a visit, you think, I suppose, I shall be glad to see you. But you are mistaken; I never wish to see your face unless you bring Alfred with you."

Mr Rathline gulped down an uncomfortable feeling which rose in his throat, and said, hurriedly, "But suppose I can't bring Alfred with me? Are you so very fond of the boy, Alice?"

"And you know very well that he is all I have in the world now Tom is gone," replied the girl, passionately; "and yesterday Madeline confessed to me that he had run away from school. I have been crying ever since I heard it. Who can tell where he is, or what he is suffering now this minute? I hate this comfortable room and all these grand things around me. And last night, thinking Alfred might be lying under some cold hedge, I never slept a moment, nor even went to bed."

Mr. Rathline tried to take the girl's hand from her sobbing face, but she snatched it away.

"I want no humbug from you, father," she said angrily. "You and Madeline have conspired together to keep my brother from me; but I mean to bear it no longer. I'll see the child the moment he is found, or know the reason why."

Again that uncomfortable sensation in the throat seemed to vex Mr. Rathline, as he said hoarsely:

"I wish you could see him, Alice. Where is Madeline? I want to speak to her."

"Where is Madeline?" repeated Alice, with great indignation; "she has done what you ought to have done. She is gone to search for Alfred. She went to Cornwall last night."

Mr Rathline started up with a sudden oath upon his lips, but stifled it, and sat down again to stare blankly at his daughter.

"Madeline has gone to Lady Crehylls," he said to himself. "She has frustrated me there; but I've got another card to play, and I'll hold it back no longer. When Richard Rathline is himself in danger, old friendships must fail."

"Alice," he murmured, in a very strange voice, "can you give me Mr. Pellew's address?"

"There it is on his card on the table," replied Alice.

Mr. Rathline took it up and stooped over his weeping daughter.

"You and I may not meet again for a long time to come, Alice," he said. "Will you kiss me?"

With tear stained eyes Alice looked up in great astonishment, and, taking advantage of her surprise, he touched her cheek with his lips, and wrung her hand with a sudden grip.

"Think of me sometimes, little girl, when I am gone," said he.

Before Alice could collect herself to ask the cause of this unwonted affection, his step was on the stairs, and in another moment the front door closed heavily.

"I am not such a bad fellow after all," said Mr. Rathline to himself as he went swaggering down the street, thinking complacently of this momentary softening of his heart.

CHAPTER XLVII.

UPON a gentle slope, midway between the hills and sea, stood the old house of Penkivel. Round about and above it was a thick wood of pines, storm beaten and rugged, yet living on greenly, sheltering the mansion with their dark foliage, and throwing their shadows far over the purple heath. Lower down, to the right of the house, lay a dell so narrow, that it seemed a chasm rent in the earth; and here beech trees and mountain ash clung to the soil, while on the southern side sloped the gardens of Penkivel, catching the sunshine, and screened from the sea by the woods of fir. At the bottom of the valley rolled a torrent, which foamed over rocks and boulders in a constant rush and roar, varying little in strength or sound in winter or summer.

The ancient rooms at Penkivel faced the garden, and caught the sun, and Lady Crehylls, in her loneliness, shut up the stately saloons which looked on the northern side, and inhabited this more cheerful side, around whose windows flowers clustered, and whence she could see the village and the church of Penkivel, standing down in the dell near the foaming river. Behind the mansion, piled up in bleak confusion, rose huge granite hills, unshadowed by a single tree, yet glorious all throughout the year with the golden and purple hues of heath and gorse. This last lay upon the hill sides like the golden mantles of a thousand kings, outspread and glistening in the sun. And above the glitter and sheen of their glory hung the deep blue of the unspotted sky—a sky whose pure and tranquil azure gives relief to the resplendent beauty of these fields of gold. No words can paint the depth and clearness of that sapphire sea, which in majestic strength rolls in upon the northern shore, blending in the dim horizon with the western sky. Far less can words depict the sombre, awful beauty of the sea, and the cloud-capped heights above, when lightning and storm flash across them, driving the huge shadows from hill to hill, and flinging the waves in thunder on the beach. At such times the mists takes wreathed shapes, and the storm is palpable to the eye, striding like a shadow from peak to peak, scattering rain and hail-stones, lightning and pealed thunder in its path, while on the rocks below the troubled sea hurls mighty waves, which, with sullen roar, and foam tossed high in air, break in fury against the solid cliff.

One autumn day, in such a scene as this, Lady Crehylls sat at her window watching the tempest, seeing the great cloud shadows change the hills from purple into black, while her ear caught unconsciously the old dim monotonous sound of the sea, as the league-long waves broke in lengthening roar upon the sands. The storm brought no terrors with it to her. The roughness of the northern coast was dear to her heart. She loved Penkivel; here she was born, here she had spent her childhood, and here, when she returned in sorrow, she had seen her youth wither, and heard the tidings which told her she was childless and a widow. From this ancient roof she had gone forth a bride, to come back a forsaken wife, and to look down in unutterable grief upon the face of the lost lover and husband, who returned to her in death. So for her very sorrow's sake the place was dear; and as she trod the rooms, haunted by a thousand memories, her whole life seemed to stand here around her unbroken by the gaps and changes which assail the wanderer. Perhaps this was why she had never left Penkivel, and why she could not endure the sight of Crehylls, where she had been happy, and where the blow had fallen which crushed all joy from out her life.

She sat on this dark day by the window till night fell abruptly, and the moaning wind among the pine trees seemed like the wail of a mighty sorrow, unutterable by human voice. Carried by the mournful sound into depths of thought past speech, she leaned her face upon her hands, while within her soul there stirred a whisper of God's peace in the storm—the "still small voice" which speaketh after the whirlwind and the thunder, when the tempest of earthly sorrow is past, and the breaking of the eternal day shines on the softened spirit. Then, as the terrible wail of the wind swept again through the pine tops she let her hands drop, and looked up hopefully into the darkness. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The words grew upon her out of the blankness; she did not utter them—they were in and around hear, as the rainbow is in the stormy sky; and bowing her head in hope, she wept quietly.

In the noise of the storm she had not heard the door open; and in the sudden glare of the light which the servant brought she could not discern the face of the visitor so unexpectedly announced. But as the door closed the tall dark figure came forward and stood before her silently. Then she started up, and recoiling in anguish before all the memories which this too beautiful face brought to her heart, she opened out her hands to save herself, and leaned tremblingly against a pillar, on which rested the bust of her father.

"Madeline!" she cried.

Madeline gazed at her steadily, with eyes deepening with a strange fire.

"Do you appeal to your father for protection?" she asked. "Can you dream how the sight of that marble face steels my heart unpitifully against all of his name and race?"

"Why are you here?" returned Lady Crehylls. "Your presence alone insults me."

"My presence has always insulted the world," said Madeline in a voice of bitter sorrow; "and, most fitting of all, most just of human, selfish justice, is the face that insults you, the wife of Lord Crehylls, and the daughter of Mr Lanyon."

Lady Crehylls gazed at her in wonder, her pale, gentle face gathering a look of pity; but she uttered not a word.

"Look at him," continued Madeline, stretching out her hand towards his marble figure. "He lived and died respected, did he not?—an honorable man, whose dying face was wetted by his child's tears, whose corpse was covered with trappings of luxurious woe, whose tomb—a marble lie—stands among the better dead to this day. Speak! Is it so?"

AN IMPERIAL HUNTRESS.

THE following is a description of an Empress in the saddle: "Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Austria has all the pace and pluck, the skill on horseback and the daring across country of the followers of the Ward Union Hounds. The Empress hunted for the first time over an Irish hunting country, and if this afternoon's run with the Wards is but a foretaste of the pleasures in store for this august patroness of Diana, we in Ireland are pretty likely to have the illustrious Austrian an absentee never afterward. Her Majesty wore a very tight fitting habit of a dark grayish melton cloth, the skirt of which was extremely narrow. The habit was fastened with buttons of silver on which were the imperial arms. A stand-up all-round collar and a simple tie bow of black silk completed her apparel, while she rode in a tall silk hat. She wore her hair in plain plaits behind, one encircling the other. Her hands were encased in tan colored gloves, and over these Her Majesty wore chocolate colored mittens. She has a most elegant and graceful figure, the waist being particularly small while her carriage and deportment stamp her with the indelible mark of the bluest of blue blood and royalty. Her Majesty chatted freely with the gentlemen around her, and as the cavalcade withdrew from the lawn Her Majesty, Mr. Morrogh and Captain Middleton led the way, and then followed a lengthened string of horsemen and a few carriages. * * * On the word "Go" being given the Empress tightened rein with the hand of an adept. The pace improved as the blood grew warmer, but the Empress, riding with wonderful pluck, kept her position bravely, and though in the deep going she one time dropped back a bit she fought her way determinedly into the front rank, taking all her fences at a smart pace and climbing none of them. She astounded most of those in the hunt, and more than sustained the reputation which she enjoys of being one of the straightest women across country that ever raised a flail. The Empress was always in the front rank, riding with a rather loose rein; but she was on a horse who does not know the way to put a foot astray, and I expect to find Domino carrying Her Majesty very frequently during the next few weeks. Her Majesty struck me as having a most magnificent seat—graceful and easy to elegance, while her hands are as fine as any that ever held the ribbons. Domino performed his part of the day's doings in a manner that well pleased his distinguished burden of 142 pounds, which is Her Majesty's exact riding weight."

ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.—It was an old theory that the Acts of the English Parliament, like deeds, should consist of a single sentence. It required the authority of a special statute in 1850 to allow from that date forword Parliamentary draughtsmen to insert full stops in them.

MISERERE.

BY P. H. D.

Weeping and wailing make too much of life—
The hand is prone to touch its tuneless strings,
Nor strikes the chord which truest pleasure brings,
Losing the grace of song for discord's strife.

The moan of sorrow rises from the breast
Of youth and beauty, while God's anthems sung
By Love and Joy in Nature's every tongue,
Might lull them, if they would, to careless rest.

Choosing the gloom, albeit the sunshine's bright,
Drinking the wormwood though the wine is sweet,
From smooth green ways to tangled paths, the feet,
Self-led, forsake the day and seek the night.

Woe's saddened chant—the burthen of the time:
"All life is barren," is the low refrain,
That charms the spirit with melodious pain,
And drowns the clang of Duty's martial chime.

The Unknown Knight.

BY M. M. D.

IT was in Belgium, in the city of Ghent, during the fifteenth century. The beautiful young Marie de Valois, mistress of a hundred cities, was held in semi-captivity in her palace by her own subjects.

Her secret correspondence with the King of France concerning her marriage with the Dauphin had been discovered and this was the result. Her household was dismissed by the burghers and one maid, Jacqueline de Brienne, allowed her.

For some time it had been thus and none were permitted to see her without an order from her own Council. But one night a stranger knight had called and finding some way to overcome the stern janitor's scruples, he had been admitted to the presence of the royal lady.

In the interview which took place he told her he had heard of her sorrows, and that he had come to offer her assistance. He was a strikingly handsome youth of about twenty three and the princess felt a thrill of joy as she watched his handsome face and listened to his promises of fealty.

"Do not yield to your oppressors, my lady," were his parting words, "have hope and courage, and rest assured you shall see Max Thurdank again."

There was something strange and unconventional in her thus receiving a stranger, but in her sorrow and distress of mind she knew not what to do. For the burghers of the city had now taken the matter of her marriage into their own hands, fixed upon the bridegroom, and sent for their liege lady to inform her of their decision.

There were at that moment several aspirants to the hand of Marie de Valois, the most prominent the Prince de Cleves and the Duc de Gueldres; the first an exceedingly handsome man, but deficient in intellect; the second a man of middle age, a monster of cruelty, even in that lawless time, and at this moment in prison at Courtrai for the murder of his own father. It was this man upon whom the astute Council of Ghent had fixed as a fitting husband for their beautiful young mistress, and had already sent an embassy to Courtrai to release the prisoner and conduct him with all honor to Ghent.

"Surely ye would not compel me to marry against my will?" exclaimed Marie in a tone of horror, as she glanced appealingly round the assembly for one friendly face. "Surely ye who have daughters of your own do not join in this iniquitous scheme. By your love for them I beseech you to think better of it!" she went on imploringly, her beautiful eyes filling with tears, and her heart sinking at the threatening glances. "Ah, messieurs, had my brave father been alive ye had not ventured even to name that wicked and unscrupulous man to me."

It was an unfortunate speech, recalling as it did to the minds of the council the somewhat arbitrary, and not always over just dealings of Charles the Bold with his turbulent subjects of Ghent. The poor young duchess was assailed with a storm of upbraidings and insolent menaces. All the spirit of Marie's martial ancestors flashed into fire at these threats. For some minutes she sat in silent scorn, her bosom swelling with indignation, her fair face flushing. At length, rising in her seat, she waved her hand for silence, and with her slight figure drawn up, and her stately head raised, she cried, in defiant tones:

"I scorn your threats and hold ye in contempt. Helpless and alone as I am, I defy you. I tell you that, sooner than become the bride of the ruffian Duc de Gueldres, I will ally myself to the very lowest and meanest in the city—aye, even to the very armorer that works beneath my window. Come, Jacqueline, this discussion becomes me not; we will retire."

And with flashing eyes, and a glance of haughty displeasure round the assembly, the young duchess quitted the room.

But though she carried herself so bravely before the council, when Marie once reached her own apartments she threw herself on her couch in despair, and gave way to the tears which pride had repressed in their presence. Evening came, and found the poor young duchess with throbbing pulses and heated, tear-stained face, as undecided as ever, only firm in one thing, that death itself were preferable to a marriage with the Duc de Gueldres.

In the evening a message was sent to Marie that the Duc de Gueldres was liberated at Courtrai, and at the head of a large body of followers would shortly appear in Ghent: and a command was given that the duchess would hold herself in readiness to give him a reception befitting his position as her intended bridegroom.

Outraged and indignant the poor young duchess passed a sleepless night, and rose in the morning with haggard cheeks and weary eyes.

"Jacqueline," she said, with a sad smile, "I may be weak and incredulous, but yet I hope that the stranger knight hath, indeed, the power to help one whom even heaven itself seems to have abandoned."

"I would stake my honor on the knight's good faith," said Jacqueline.

The day wore on, evening approached, and then with every moment fled a portion of the hope—vague it is true—which sustained her. To add to her distress another message came from the council expressive of their expectation that all was prepared for the betrothal ceremony on the morrow.

With straining eyes Marie stationed herself at the window, and watched the sun as it crept lower and lower in the West, the long beams resting in crimson radiance on the delicate tracery and fretwork of the spire of Notre Dame. The last shaft of light rested on the famed golden dragon, quivered, and vanished, and the gray twilight crept over the city.

Marie turned from the casement, her last hope gone.

"Oh, Jacqueline!" she cried, bursting into a passion of tears, "I am lost, lost, abandoned by heaven and by man!"

"Hush, madam, oh, hush!" cried Jacqueline, as she strove to soothe the hysterical weeping by caresses and gentle words.

Suddenly a wild clamor broke out in the street below, cries and screams, mingled with hoarse shouts of command.

Jacqueline rushed to the window, threw it open, and leant out.

The street was filled with a tumultuous crowd, tossing and swaying hither and thither, torches blazed and flickered, swords were drawn, and spears glinted in the waning light; cries of "Treason! treason!" "The duke! the duke!" "Cut him down!" mingled with wild hurrahs of delight, rose in the air; while the crown surged to and fro, pressing now up, now down, the street, as if uncertain whence came the source of the uproar

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PROCRASTINATION.

THERE is a proverb which says, "What can be done at any time is never done," and which applies especially to a class who have become slaves to the habit of procrastination, the habitual postponing of everything that they are not compelled by necessity to do immediately. Now delays are not only damaging to present prospects, but they are destructive of ultimate success. A dilatory man is not to be depended upon. The slightest pretext is sufficient for him to disappoint you. If an employe, the sooner he is discharged the greater the advantage to the employer. There are those who may properly be called "afternoon men." They are always busy getting ready to go to work. In the morning they walk around, carefully inspect their duties, and say, "Plenty to do to-day. I must go to work this afternoon." About three o'clock they survey what they have not done, and exclaim, "One thing and another have prevented me from making any headway to-day. I'll leave it and begin bright and early to-morrow morning." One day with them is simply the reflection of another. There is nothing accomplished in a whole life, and their western sun overtakes them and finds no preparation for the wants and infirmities of age. There is nothing to look back upon but squandered time. One hour's exercise in the morning loosens the muscles of the limbs, sets the blood dancing in the veins, and fits a man physically and mentally for the day's activity; while one hour's sloth after breakfast produces a torpor from which it is almost impossible to rally.

IT would be hard to define common sense in its best meaning, but it is not so difficult to discover its popular acceptation. Roughly speaking, of course, most people's ideas of the common sense view of any matter is their own view, but this definition is but a poor one to offer to the would-be Solon. Here is a more practical one: Try to find out the opinion which will grate least on the feelings of the greater number. It is certain that you cannot please everybody, and it is equally certain that if you entirely please some, you will entirely displease others, but if you displease all as little as you possibly can, although you may not acquire a reputation for great talent, you will probably be credited with common sense, and you may likely enough, in course of time, attain the high honor of becoming an arbiter and referee. In fact, you will probably prove a useful machine for the striking of mean averages. The man is universally honored who is so unenthusiastic, so unimpressionable, so unimpassioned, that he may safely be trusted, by all sides and parties, to deliver on any subject one of those inconsistent and compromise opinions known as impartial judgments.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is said to be quite comical to see the famous composer and leader, Strauss, lead the orchestra. He always begins with perfect calm and composure, but becoming animated by his own strains, he first quivers all over, and then prances, and finally dances wildly in time to the music. As his gyrations are performed on a space of about three feet square, the effect is exceedingly laughable.

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THE familiar belief that cleanliness is next to godliness, is not a part of the Afghan creed, for they are said to be a very unclean people. They have such an abhorrence of water that they never bring it in contact with their bodies. Being Mohammedans, they are bound to do certain ablutions by their faith; but they find substitutes which are allowed instead of water. There is one tribe who are said to get three new garments only in their lifetime—the garment being in each case a blanket. The first is given at birth, the second when they are married, and the third when they die. Each blanket is understood to have been ceaselessly worn till events entitle the wearer to a new one.

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A REPORT just issued by the director of the statistical department of the municipality of Berlin shows that the dwellings of the poor in that city are now in a much worse state than they were fourteen years ago. In 1861 the number of dwellings up one pair of stairs was 262 per thousand; it is now 207, while the underground dwellings have increased from 92 to 103 per thousand, and those without kitchens from 69 to 331 per thousand. In the most expensive quarter of the town (the Konigsplatz) the average rent of a dwelling is 2 593 marks, and of a room 476 marks. The cheapest quarter is the wedding district, where the average rent is 100 marks for a room. The average rents for the whole of Berlin are—for an apartment on the ground floor, 258 marks; on the entresol, 214; on the first floor, 235; on the second floor, 199; on the third, 170; on the fourth, 143; on the fifth, 116; under the roof, 129; underground, 157. Nearly 120 000 people live underground, and 90,000 of them are lodged at such a depth below the surface that the atmosphere is dangerous to life. Of the 940 571 inhabitants of Berlin about 10 000 live in dwellings where a fire cannot be lighted, and 426 000 in dwellings where one room only can be warmed.

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WE find that the efforts of temperance reformers are turned much more than formerly towards introducing some substitute for alcohol. Failing in the direct attack they are attempting a flank movement. There is now manufactured to meet in part these demands a series of aerated waters which equal many wines in delicacy of flavor. Ales and beers with an inappreciable amount of alcohol, and wines from unfermented grapes are also made, and form agreeable drinks, which may, to some extent, satisfy the demands of social occasions. For the weariness that follows muscular or mental exertion, the best things are food and rest. If drinks are craved, however, we have in thin oatmeal, or Liebeg's extract of meat, foods which enter the circulation so rapidly that their effect is comparable to that of alcohol. These, it is suggested, may be aerated and made endurable by various additions. Tea, and especially coffee, are also available and useful in these cases. For the reforming drunkard bitter infusions may be of service in addition to the drinks already mentioned. It seems possible that some advance may be made by temperance reformers through efforts in this direction, and since, as a rule, man is better without alcohol, they should have the help of the medical profession.

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THE French flag has seen many changes. It was in 498 that Clovis, the first king of France, took for his standard the cope of St. Martin. Under Philip Augustus the royal standard was white, embroidered with golden lilies. Charles VI carried a blue standard, divided at the middle by a white cross. Louis XIV revived the white standard, which in 1789 gave place to the tricolor. Its origin is curious. Camille Desmoulins having snatched a poplar leaf from a tree in the gardens of the Palais Royal, held it aloft as a rallying point, and suggested green as the national color. But it was then remembered that the livery of Count d'Artois, the most unpopular member of the royal family, was of that color. So it was then resolved to take the colors of the city of Paris, red and blue, which had already figured in popular movements, and between these was inserted the royal white preserved by the National Guard of Paris. The tricolor was adopted with enthusiasm. After the fall of the Bastile, Bailly and Lafayette solemnly offered to Louis XVI, in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, the tricolor cockade. Under the restoration (1814) the white flag with the lilies came back again. It disappeared during the hundred days, and reappeared in 1830, surmounted by the Gallic cock, and carrying the device, *Liberte, Ordre Public*.

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TO cause two adjacent mines to produce $100 000 a day is a tremendous feat, but to continue this production through weeks and months requires an extraordinary amount of forethought and endurance among those in charge. In the bonanza mines the work goes on a third of a mile below the surface of the earth. Hundreds of men go down into the depths daily. It is a transition in a few moments from the bitter climate of a northern winter to the sweltering heat of a tropical summer, and this repeated change only the hardiest constitution can bear. There are drifts so hot in the mines that old miners can scarcely enter them. It is a dead, dull, suffocating heat. Often there is not the slightest ventilation. The workmen are almost naked, and the perspiration trickles down their brawny limbs in streams. Tons of ice are consumed hourly. Many a man of herculean build and magnificent physique falls in the depths through sheer physical exhaustion, and the enervating influences of the surroundings will make the strongest man weak and short-lived. Added to the danger from heat is that from obnoxious gases. Some of these are more deadly than poison or the sword. Sometimes scalding hot water bursts in so suddenly that the miners are obliged to flee for their lives, and to remedy the flow months of patience and labor are required. The pumping apparatus of the bonanza mines has cost princely fortunes in its construction and repairs.

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A CURIOUS list might be made of the strange methods employed in transmitting many important historical messages. The intelligence which enabled Cyrus to overthrow the Median Monarchy was conveyed in the body of a hare sent him as a present. The instigator of the Ionian revolt against Persia sent his agent, a trusty slave, with verbal orders to shave his head, when the necessary instructions appeared traced on the skin beneath. During Mohamed's wars letters of this kind were frequently plaited in the long hair of the female slaves. The mediæval fashion of writing in ink, which only becomes visible when held to the fire is well known; but Cardinal Richelieu surpassed even this by device of a despatch whose alternate lines made an entirely different sense from that of the letter as a whole. One of the French chiefs of the Fronde war concealed an important letter in a roasted crab. Warren Hastings, when blockaded in Benares by Cheyte Sing, apprised the English army of his situation by despatches written upon rolled-up slips of parchment, which his messengers carried in their ears instead of quills usually worn there. The letter which recalled General Kaufman to the relief of Samarcand, when besieged by the Bokhariotes in June, 1868, was stitched up in the sandal of a loyal native. It is even stated—though the story certainly savors of a Munchausenism—that a French spy, in 1870, carried a photographic despatch through the German lines in the hollow of one of his false teeth.

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IT has been said that one of the most important social accomplishments is that of entering a room gracefully; but to our mind that of leaving one easily and judiciously is to be preferred. It is painful to see people anxious to beat a retreat from a call or visit, and yet apparently as unable to escape as rats in a trap, although nothing bars their egress, and all persons concerned would gladly dispense with their company. The art or science of departure, both from localities and positions, is worth studying in great as well as little matters. To understand when to bring to an end a morning call or a public career requires, in a lesser or greater degree, the exercise of the same faculty. No visitor is likely to be popular who has not the tact to leave at the proper time a house at which he may be staying. One of the greatest difficulties in bidding farewell to a host is to convey to him the impression that you have enjoyed yourself. Expressions of thanks for a pleasant visit are apt to have a stereotyped and conventional ring about them. A hospitable man likes to know that his friends have been happy, but when each of them mutters a sort of little grace on his departure, he feels that they are but paying him an ordinary social compliment, for he knows that they thank their entertainers whenever they go as regularly as they tip the servants. Indeed we once heard of an absent and nervous man who, as he was getting into the carriage which was to convey him to the station, inadvertently tipped his host, and thanked the butler for his pleasant visit.

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BETWEEN the ages of forty-five and sixty a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to an attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over his business, builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two over sixty, he arrives at a standstill. But athwart this is the viaduct called the turn of life, which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond, without boat or causeway, to effect his passage. The bridge is, however, generally constructed of fragile material, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy are in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass: but let him gird up his loans and provide himself with a fitter staff, and trudge on in safety and with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "the turn of life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached the utmost expansion now begin either to close like a flower at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, while a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set.

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A STEAMER to cross the Atlantic in five days is in progress of construction in England by the sons of the late millionaire Winans, of Baltimore, both of whom are engineers of distinction. One spindle-shaped steamer, 508 feet longer than the Great Eastern, or 1,200 feet in length, is already designed and to be built. It will have engines of 100,000 horse power, and will be propelled by twin-screws under the after quarter of the vessel. The mean speed of this vessel is expected to be over twenty nautical, or twenty three statute, miles an hour. She is to have a tower 150 feet high, containing in part staterooms looking out on circular balconies, but having within a hollow cylinder extending vertically throughout its entire length, and traversed by an immense weight, susceptible of being adjusted at any desired height. This is an invention of Mr. William L. Winans, and the effect that it produces upon the motion of the vessel is precisely the reverse of that which one would most readily infer. When "scaled" to a proper height in proportion to the "beat" or motion of the waves prevailing, it absolutely prevents all rolling. The great length of this steamer will prevent pitching, so that, presuming it justifies the claims and expectations of the inventors, it should be very advantageous for purposes of ocean travel. That it will revolutionize ocean travel is the conviction of Messrs. Winans, and on that conviction they have expended millions, and are about to expend still more, it being their intention to construct three other similar vessels as soon as that described shall have been successfully operated. The estimated cost of construction of these vessels is one million sterling each, and it is confidently believed by the Messrs. Winans, and many of their friends, that they will accomplish the passage of the Atlantic in less than six days, at all seasons and in spite of any weather which has been known as yet on that ocean.

THE MORAL OF MIGRATION.

BY STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

There's nought in May's reviving bloom, when hearts to rapture yield,
There's nought in Summer's boundless glow, when plenty crowns the field,
Like that soft hour whose dying tints enrich the faded grove,
And raise to calmer holier thought the dreams of mirth and love.

'Tis not the pensive maid alone that feels the chastening power,
Or musing bard who hears a moan in each deserted bower:
The wild inhabitants of air give witness of the spell,
Nor blest the mind that notes untouch'd their ling'ring last farewell.

Aloft in many a ring they wheel, and test th' inspiring force,
That points afar to climes unknown their long uncharted course,
A guide within each flutt'ring breast sustains the feeble wing,
And soon the autumnal gale for them o'ertakes the flight of spring.

Then tell me, thou! whose eyes can read the world's mysterious plan,
When Nature beckons o'er the grave, why shrinks the soul of man?
Why clings he to an earthly shore, when all its charms are flown,
Why turns he from a brighter land which faith can make his own?

THE TWO SIBYLS.

BY E. L. S.

CHAPTER I.

"HERE is a letter for Mr. Cameron, Rosie. He says it will be a great pleasure to Mrs. Cameron and him if my friend Miss Dewsbury will accompany me to Glenach, and they hope her society will reconcile me to its dullness and seclusion."

"It is really very good of them to take me on your recommendation, Lily, and we must try to put a little life into the old place and the old people."

"Mrs. Cameron is my guardian's mother, and, I fancy, is an old lady; but he is not old, at least not very old—a little over thirty."

"Well, that is not young, at any rate, but not too old to tease and flirt with. Now, fair Lily, do not shake your wise head and begin a lecture, because I cannot listen to it now. In one week we shall be free, able to go out and in when we like—to sit, walk, skip, run, as the spirit moves us."

"And think of the heather and the woods in exchange for Inverness Terrace and the Bayswater Road."

"And we shall dine in English, and breakfast without the accompaniment of text and collect; won't it be splendid?"

The lively and excitable Rose caught Lily by the waist, and waltzed round the room till both sank exhausted on the floor. Lily was the first to speak, and her voice was somewhat sad.

"It is delightful to think that we shall be free, but I feel a little sorry to leave school. It is different for you; in a few weeks you will have your father and mother, you will have home. But for me there is no home; and here we are all equal, and I do not feel it so much."

Rose raised her head from Lily's lap, and threw her arms around her friend.

"Lily dear, my home is to be yours too; you are my dear sister. There is only one difference between us, and there I envy you; you are a great heiress, and everybody will worship the beautiful rich Miss Montgomery."

"Yes, for her money; I never can be sure that anybody will love me for myself. And Rosie, if I could only change places with you, and make Mrs. Cameron or anybody love me!"

Rose sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

"I have it, I have it!"

Lily looked at her in wonder.

"Have you ever seen your guardian or his mother?"

"No; why?"

"Then I shall go to Glenach as the heiress Sibyl Montgomery, and you as my friend Sibyl Dewsbury. It will be like acting a play, and sha'n't I lead them all a pretty dance?"

Before Lily could grasp the idea, the bell summoned them down stairs, and interrupted the conversation.

The two speakers, Sibyl Montgomery and Sibyl Dewsbury, were the children of brother officers, born in India within a few weeks of one another, baptized at the same time and by the same name. They spent their early childhood together, and the contrast in their appearance suggested their distinguishing names of Rose and Lily, by which they were almost always called. They were separated when sent to England; but on the death of Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Dewsbury begged that her little orphaned god daughter might go to the same school as Rose.

Dr. Montgomery had inherited large estates, to which his daughter Sibyl succeeded, her guardians being her father's old friend, Mr. Cameron, of Glenach, and his son Norval. The former died shortly before Sibyl was to leave school, and his son was then sole guardian.

Norval Cameron had not seen his ward, but now that she was about to leave school, he and his mother had invited her and Miss Dewsbury to spend a few weeks with them in the Highlands.

During the few days that elapsed before the girls left school, Rose became more and more delighted with the project of changing places with Lily. The latter was quite pleased to resign her heiress-ship, but she shrank from the falsehood and deception it implied. Rose urged that it was merely a frolic, and could not possibly hurt any one, and at last she agreed; and they bound themselves to keep up the disguise till Lily's birthday, three or four weeks after.

They were in great glee during the journey, practising the part of a spoiled heiress, and giving herself all the airs and affectation her imagination attached to that character. Lily laughed heartily, but begged, as she was going to represent her, that she would be more moderate.

Lily felt a little nervous when they got out at the Highland station where Mr. Cameron was to meet them; not so Rose. Acting was her passion, and she threw herself into her part with her whole heart.

She went forward to Mr. Cameron, and after greeting him herself, introduced her friend Miss Dewsbury.

The evening was lovely, and the scenery, to girls fresh from school in London. They drove for some time along the edge of a beautiful lake, which was guarded on one side by one of the highest of the Grampian range. Glenach lay nestled in a wood at the foot of the lake, commanding its whole extent, backed by heath covered hills, and overlooked by the giant Ben.

Lily was very silent during the drive, and it must be confessed, felt rather uncomfortable at the thought of entering the house of her father's friend under an assumed name. Mr. Cameron's conversation was principally addressed to his supposed ward, but a keen observer would have noticed that he was much more observant of Lily.

As evening was closing in they reached Glenach, and were received by Mrs Cameron who was an invalid, and confined almost entirely to her chair. She was a handsome old lady, and made a beautiful picture with her white hair braided under her snowy widow's cap, her fine marble-fair face lighted up by large dark eyes, and her black dress relieved by the softest and daintiest of Indian shawls.

Her son introduced the two girls. After kissing and bidding them welcome, she said, turning to Mr. Cameron:

"Norval, I never saw either Dr. or Mrs. Montgomery, but from your father's description of them, I should fancy Miss Dewsbury more likely to be their daughter than this bright little gipsy."

Lily blushed deeply, and to relieve her evident embarrassment, Mrs. Cameron turned to Rose.

"I may call you Sibyl, my dear, may I not? And what must I call you friend?"

"We are both Sibyl; but please, Mrs. Cameron, you must call us by our pet names, Rose and Lily; we hardly know ourselves by any other. I am Rose, and this is Lily."

"It is hardly necessary to tell us that," said Mrs. Cameron. "The names are very pretty and appropriate. Now, little white Lily, run and take off your wraps, and prepare to do justice to a Highland tea. Rose, you must do the honors of your guardian's house, for you see I am but a useless cripple."

Lily pressed the slender hand she held to her lips in token of sympathy and thanks, and received a sweet smile of acknowledgment from Mr. Cameron, as he held the door open for them.

Mrs. Cameron's maid showed them to her pretty room, and offered her assistance But they were too anxious to be alone to avail themselves of it.

The moment the door was closed, Rose danced up to Lily, and hugged her in an ecstasy of delight.

"Oh, Lily! is not this delicious? Such a lovely place, and such a dear old lady, and I am very nearly in love with your—I mean *my*—guardian already. But what made you blush so when you were taken for yourself? I thought it was all over with our fun."

"Rose, I do feel that it is a shame to impose on that beautiful old lady; and Mr. Cameron's face is so noble and so open that I am sure he will despise us both when he finds out."

"Now, Lily," said Rose, as her head emerged from the depths of a portmanteau from which she was ruthlessly dragging the things so carefully packed by the governess, "do be reasonable. Can you show me any possible harm that can come of our escapade? Of course there is none, and that sober old guardian of yours will only shake his fatherly head and call us naughty children, while his mother will be sorry that she was not in the secret, that she might enjoy the fun. Besides, fair Sibyl, your word is pledged, and you must not cheat me out of the honor of being an heiress and having my own way for a little."

Lily laughed.

"As to your having your own way, Rosie, you are pretty sure to have that at any time, so I must submit with a good grace."

When Mrs. Cameron was alone with her son, she said:

"Well, Norval, you have brought two very bonny lassies to enliven the old house, but I fear you will find your ward rather wild now that she is released from school; I almost wish Miss Dewsbury had been the heiress."

"So do not I, mother mine."

"Why? She would have made a charming wife for you, and then we need not have left our home."

"You would not say so seriously, mother dear. You know that nothing would tempt me to retrieve our fortune by marriage, especially by marrying the young girl who was intrusted to my care. Nay," he said, laying his hand carelessly on hers; "congratulate me rather that Miss Dewsbury is not the heiress, for in that case temptation would have been less easily resisted. But it is absurd for an old fellow like me to talk of falling in love at first sight."

After the girls came down, there was an adjournment to the dining-room, where a substantial meal awaited them; and soon after the travelers retired to rest.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE Rose had opened her eyes next morning, Lily had spied the big Ben looking in at her with his night-cap on, and she sprang to the window to greet him. She hastened to dress, and went out on the lawn to admire the view.

The house was built on a high promontory jutting into the lake; the lawn in front was surrounded on three sides by water, and the deep bank was closely planted with fine shrubs, through which a path was carefully cut, leading to the water. As far as the eye could reach, not a house was visible; which to Lily was a great charm, and she thought that she never could weary of such grandeur and beauty. She did not hear Mr. Cameron cross the lawn, and he stood for a minute or two looking, not at the scenery, but at the beautiful face before him—more beautiful than he had seen, from its expression of rapt admiration.

As he wished her good morning, she turned with a sigh, as if she must give some expression to her feeling, and tears stood in the gray dove like eyes that were turned to him. Their eyes met, and each seemed to catch a glimpse of the other's heart, and a better understanding was established between them than is often effected in the intercourse of years.

Nothing could exceed the happiness of the girls as they wandered over the hills, or fished in the fine trouting stream that crawled in the little glen at the side of the house, or—greatest pleasure of all—rowed on the lake.

Although Mr. Cameron never doubted Rose's identity, his mother had very early a suspicion of the truth, but entering into the whim, she resolved not to spoil their sport even by showing that she knew their secret. Besides that, she had her own reasons for not enlightening Norval. Her great wish was to see him married before she, invalid as she was, should be taken away, and she saw that he was every day becoming more attached to Rose, than whom she could not wish a better wife. Yet, had he a suspicion that she was Sibyl Montgomery, he would crush the affection that was filling his heart rather than expose himself to the imputation of marrying his ward from interested motives.

Mr. Cameron was more frank with Rose than with Lily; as his ward she was treated as a child of the house, and, like a spoiled child, once tyrannized over all around her with their full consent. Still, Rose was not long in discovering that she did not hold the first place in Mr. Cameron's affection, and she began to think that an addition to their society might be agreeable. She was therefore quite pleased when one afternoon the minister of the parish called.

In other circumstances she would hardly have hailed the Rev. Mr. M'Larty as an acquisition, but at least he was better than nobody; what was the use of her heirship if she was not to be admired for it?

Mr. M'Larty's appearance was not prepossessing. his hair was long and lanky, while between it and his coat an uncomfortable piece of neck was visible; his shoulders, low and sloping, his back long and hollow; in fact, no one could exactly tell why, but his back was the most disagreeable thing about him except his perfect self-complacency and assurance.

But still, as Rose said, he was better than nobody, and she set herself to captivate him.

After taking a glass of wine, and handing Rose his glass to put on the table, he agreed to accompany Mr. Cameron and the girls on an expedition among the hills

Rose and Lily started on their mountain ponies, as the distance was too great for them to go on foot. Norval walked beside Lily, while Mr. M'Larty was so delighted at having the lovely and wealthy Miss Montgomery committed to his care, that he almost forgot to be frightened when she asked him to lead the pony. She did not waste her time, and when they reached the height of that day's ambition he had lost both head and heart.

But however willing the spirit, the flesh is always weak, and poor Mr. M'Larty, unaccustomed to hill work, began to show evident signs of distress on the way home.

Prompted as much, we fear, by the love of mischief as by compassion, Rose dismounted, and declaring that she had something important to say to Mr. Cameron, she insisted that the minister should mount and accompany Lily.

"I could not ride, Miss Montgomery, and let you walk; besides," (a gleam of hope) "this is side-saddle."

"That is easily remedied," said Rose, taking out the movable head.

The perspiration stood like beads on the minister's brow.

"But," he gasped, "I can't ride."

"Oh, yes you can; you told me a short time ago it was delightful exercise."

So he had, and he felt now that he could tear out his tongue for uttering the falsehood.

Norval and Lily were some distance behind, and with no one to help him the poor man was obliged to give in. But how was he to mount? He could never spring from the ground to the animal's back.

Fearing that the others might come to the rescue, Rose led the pony to a large stone, and holding the bridle, she directed her gallant knight to put his foot in the stirrup and spring into the saddle. So he did, but alas! he put the wrong foot, and when he reached his seat he found himself looking, not at Rose, but over the pony's tail, at Norval and Lily, with a face of the most blank amazement.

Lily instantly touched her pony with the whip, and bounded out of sight and hearing of the luckless divine. A feeling of anger at Rose for putting Mr. M'Larty in such a position helped Norval to master himself, and he hastened forward to his aid, while Rose stood at the pony's head nearly choked with suppressed laughter.

Not being blessed (or cursed) with a very keen sense of the ludicrous, or a very sensitive organization, Mr. M'Larty's equanimity was restored when he found himself in a more normal position on the pony's back, and he trotted off to join Lily.

Norval turned to remonstrate with Rose, but his eye following hers rested on the rider, who, with his feet dangling near the ground, and holding the bridle in both hands, was jogging along in a most undignified manner, and the point of Rose's rebuke was considerably blunted by the hearty laugh in which they indulged.

Mr. M'Larty went home that night with a bounding heart. He was at this time on matrimonial thoughts intent, and his eyes and his attentions alike had been directed to a farmer's buxom daughter, whom he thought of raising to the proud position of his wife. But here was a much fairer face and a larger fortune, and Miss Montgomery evidently admired him. Well, he would think about it, but he should not be surprised if he married her.

Meanwhile Rose was entertaining Mrs. Cameron with a graphic account of his ride.

CHAPTER III.

THE day following the expedition described in the last chapter was very wet, and despite piano and books, time had passed very slowly, in the drawing-room at Glenach, when Norval entered with a look of pleasure on his face.

"I have just met Sir Percy Lowther, mother, and as the rain seemed to weigh heavily on his spirits, I asked him to dine with us."

"I am glad, Norval; but what brings him here at this season?"

"He says he was bored to death in London, and came down for a breath of fresh air. You know," he added, laughing, "he is decidedly eligible, and perhaps he received too much attention."

Rose's curiosity was excited, and sitting on a stool at Mrs. Cameron's feet, she said coaxingly:

"Now, dear Mrs. Cameron, I wish to know *all* about Sir Percy Lowther."

"Well, my dear, I can satisfy you in a few words. He is an English baronet, very nice, very rich, very tall, very good-looking, an excellent shot, and a most delightful companion. He has rented an estate on which he proposes to hunt for a year or two, and has apparently heard of your charms, and came down at this unusual season to admire them."

"In that case," said Rose, "I had better go and make the most of them, as the dressing gong has sounded."

Rose was not easily pleased that evening; her scanty stock of evening dresses was turned over rather discontentedly; but when she was ready at last, she looked lovely in her thin white dress and bright ribbon, with tea-rose buds tastefully arranged in her hair and dress.

Two prettier girls are seldom seen than the two Sibyls, and each acted as a foil to the other. They were very simply dressed, having made a few additions to their school outfit, and they had not yet bound up their hair. Rose was slender, and rather under the medium height, her dark hair curled in heavy masses on her neck; she had dark lustrous eyes, now flashing with excitement, now sparkling with fun; while dimples

showed themselves round her mouth on the smallest provocation, and her little white teeth were visible when she laughed.

Lily was much taller, with neck and arms beautifully rounded and white as snow; soft gray eyes, that with the least emotion turned to black; her hair was sunny brown, and so soft and fine that the lightest breeze lifted it from her cheek; tiny hands and feet, and a cheek tinged with the color of the blush rose she wore.

Rose looked long and earnestly at herself in the mirror.

"I wonder if Sir Percy will think me pretty. I daresay he would if you were not in the room, Lil. There is one comfort for me—Sibyl Montgomery is a very important person, independent of her personal appearance; so," she added, laughing, "you poor insignificant Miss Dewsbury, please keep in the background, and do not interfere with me."

Sir Percy was in the drawing-room when the girls entered it, and Mrs. Cameron was very much amused at the slight inclination of Rose's head in answer to Sir Percy's greeting as she passed to a seat without raising her eyes to look at him, although she was longing intensely to do so.

Lily was much more affable, and it was to her that he addressed himself, thus giving Rose time to study his appearance. She thought that Mrs. Cameron's description of his appearance fell far short of the reality, that he fulfilled all the requirements she had pictured of her hero. In the mean time he was rather more taken up with Lily than was agreeable.

So Miss Rose was forced in self-defence to begin a flirtation with Norval, who liked the *tete-a-tete* of the other two as little as she did.

At dinner Rose and Norval found themselves placed more to their liking, and the former found Sir Percy quite as charming as he looked. The admiration seemed mutual, and they vied with each other in sparkling vivacity and quickness of repartee. They discovered in the course of the evening that they had much sympathy in their musical tastes, and Sir Percy said he was sure their voices would go well together, if Mrs. Cameron would allow him to bring one or two duets some morning.

She, dear hospitable old lady, gave him a cordial invitation for all times and seasons, and expressed herself glad that the girls should find something to relieve the dullness of Glenach.

Rose and Lily declared that they had never been so happy in their lives, and they looked as if they spoke the truth.

The evening was a very happy one to all, and Rose retired to her room with her young heart swelling with the pride of conquest—elated at having received so much attention and so many compliments from a man like Sir Percy.

She threw up the window to cool her burning cheeks, and while she stood enjoying the fresh evening breeze, she heard Percy and Norval walking along the terrace. Before she could pull it down they were under it; she heard Sir Percy's voice.

"I have not seen two such lovely girls this season, so perfectly fresh and natural, and not in the least jealous of one another."

"You seem very impartial in your praises" said Norval rather crossly. "Have both made an equal impression on your susceptible heart?"

"Keep your temper, my friend; I am too old a hand to spot another man's bird, and I leave the lovely Lily to the attentions of one who can so well appreciate her. But I feel most grateful to you for leaving the beautiful and piquant Rose for me to gather; and," he added laughing, "although you despise money, she will be none the less precious because she is surrounded by golden leaves."

Rose's cheeks were not much cooled by her stand at the window. With a cry of pain and anger she threw herself on the bed, and her wounded pride found relief in hot tears.

Lily, who had been in another part of the room, tried to soothe her and to learn the cause of her distress. Rose repeated the conversation, and Lily's cheeks got rosy on her own account at the implication that Norval cared for her, but she would not believe that the words were spoken in earnest.

"They were only joking, Rosy dear, as you were a little while ago when you said that Sir Percy was a darling. It was a poor joke, but you know he did not intend you to hear him, any more than you intended he should hear you."

Rose raised her head proudly.

"I will be revenged, Lil. I shall do all I can to lead him to love me; then I shall tell him that I despise him, and that if I had all the money he thinks I have, I should throw it into the sea rather than let him touch a penny of it."

"But, Rosy, if he wishes to marry you for your money, he will be glad to get off when he finds you have none."

"But I shall make him love me; and when he thinks to pluck his Rose—his Rose indeed!—he will find that it has thorns that will wound his hands, and that it will not let itself be plucked."

Rose soon fell asleep, with the angry tears on her cheek.

The conversation with Mr. Cameron, in which he had tried to mask the feeling of real admiration with which Rose had inspired him, soon passed from Sir Percy's memory. He seemed to be more and more satisfied that Rose's and his voice suited each other, for he very frequently made his appearance at Glenach early in the forenoon to practise. Then, after taking up Miss Montgomery's time in the morning, he would not let the girls go out alone in the afternoon, and remained to accompany them in case Norval should not be able to do so. At length it became an understood thing that Sir Percy should spend every day at Glenach, and the arrangement was too conducive to the happiness of all to be disputed.

Rose still insisted with herself, and with Lily when she could be got to dispute the point, that any attention Sir Percy paid her was for her, or rather for Lily's property, and that she was therefore entitled to encourage him, that she might be revenged for the insult offered her.

It was a pretty fiction, and justified in the young lady's eyes a great deal of coquetry and flirtation that she would of course have considered unjustifiable otherwise. It proved too the truth of the adage, "Revenge is sweet," for she seemed to find it a very pleasant occupation.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Cameron was blind to what was going on before her eyes. She was no match maker, but she was no match marrer, and she knew Sir Percy well, that he was one to whose alliance no parent was likely to object, and he had made her in a degree his confidante. Was she justified, then, it will be asked, in withholding from him Rose's and Lily's secret? We say, Yes. She only guessed it and she knew Sir Percy's means were ample, and that if he really loved, fortune would not influence his choice, and in birth the girls were equal.

One of Rose's instruments of torture was the Rev. David M'Larty, who was head over ears in love, as her quick eyes had discovered, with hers, not her, and whose assurance was so great that she felt small compunction in preparing a little mortification for him.

On one occasion when he dined at Glenach, Rose allowed him to pay her more marked attention than usual, which drove Sir Percy, as was fully intended, nearly frantic.

After the minister left, Sir Percy asked Norval, in a tone in which his jealousy was delightfully apparent to Rose,

"Is Mr. M'Larty a fair specimen of your ministers of the Church of Scotland?"

"I am happy to say, not of the ministry as it is; but I fear not an unfair one of the prospective ministry as things are now. Unless our ministers are lucky enough to marry rich wives it is difficult to keep the manse pot boiling."

"Oh," said Sir Percy sneeringly, "I should think it would be a delightful thing to bestow one's goods on such a man as Mr. M'Larty, and a charming prospect for a lady to spend her life with him."

"A noble prospect," said Rose enthusiastically, "to be the wife of a man whose life is devoted to spreading the Gospel among the ignorant, instead of spending his whole life in shooting and fishing and trying to kill time. Surely it is nobler to spend one's money in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked than in encouraging balls and operas and all sorts of wickedness."

Mrs Cameron and Lily could not help laughing when they thought of Rose's intense longing to go to a ball, and her dislike to clergymen in general and to Mr. M'Larty in particular.

But to Sir Percy it was no laughing matter; he felt that he had been abased by Rose's speech and the Rev. David had been exalted, and even Norval felt taken aback by his ward's clerical proclivities. But he thought it best not to notice them: so turning to Sir Percy, he said,

"You are surprised to see a man like Mr. M'Larty here; but we were absent when the living was vacant, and the village publican, who has a hold of the people, got a majority of votes for his cousin, Mr. M'Larty.

Rose pouted a little at the publican's cousin, but the conversation was not continued.

CHAPTER IV.

THE days slipped past so happily that their flight was hardly noticed, till Norval drew attention to the fact that Sibyl's birthday was close at hand, and mentioned that he would have some papers ready for her signature that day. This announcement caused some excitement to Rose and Lily: the latter felt that she must resume her proper position; the former that she must, as she pathetically expressed it, return to her rags.

We said that the days slipped past too happily to be counted; not so the last few days to Rose. Since her enthusiastic expression of admiration for the clergy, Sir Percy had not been at Glenach. It was only a few days, but they were very long ones.

She felt that she had won his love, but his absence showed her the price at which it had been purchased. It taught her that her own heart was no longer in her keeping—that she loved him most dearly. This discovery, to one who desired only to be revenged by winning love to spurn it, was humiliating enough, but that was not all she learned in her solitary musings. As she thought of Sir Percy's chivalrous love of truth and straightforward honesty, a new light was cast on her assumption of a false name and position. Ever impulsive and going to extremes, as she had previously looked upon her and Lily's escapade as perfectly harmless, she now considered it a most henious offence.

With the knowledge that she loved and was beloved came the crushing conviction that she ought to cast this great love from her, not scornfully and disdainfully, because it was unworthy, but humbly and contritely because she was unworthy of it. It cost her much pain to make this resolution, but once made she was not one to fail in carrying it out.

Norval made her heart beat by announcing that he had fixed the day before her birthday to try and reach the summit of their big Ben, and that Sir Percy and Mr. M'Larty had promised to join them in an early start.

The morning was clear and bright as heart could wish, and as Lily looked at the Ben on rising he lifted his cloud cap to greet her and invite her to visit him.

After breakfast the party started, the ladies on their ponies, the gentlemen on foot Rose, afraid of being alone with Sir Percy kept Mr. M'Larty at her side, much to the delight of the latter, and the chagrin of the former.

They reached the cairn in safety, and were lost in admiration of the magnificence of the scene before them. But ere they were half satisfied their guide warned them that there were signs of mist coming on, and that if they did not hasten down they would have difficulty in reaching home.

In descending they became divided into parties; Norval took charge of Lily, and, as the minister found his hands as well as his feet fully occupied in securing his own safety, Rose was obliged to accept Sir Percy's proffered aid.

They sent their guide forward with the ponies, and it was not long before they regretted their rashness. The summit of the mountain became enveloped in mist, which swept down like a curtain and soon closed round them, and hid them even from one another.

Norval and Lily had made much progress, but Mr. M'Larty was within hail of them; the others were considerably higher up.

Norval, accustomed to the hills from childhood, at once realised the danger that menaced them. A false step might lead them over a precipice, or into a deep mountain tarn. Fortunately he had taken the precaution of keeping as near as possible to the rocky, but now almost empty, bed of a stream, and if they should follow that rough path, it would surely lead them to the foot of the hill. But Sir Percy and Rose were to be considered; he could not go and leave them without assistance. He calculated that, from the place he had last seen them they could not be far from the same stream, and thought that by making his way up he might reach them.

What to do with Lily he did not know; she was already tired, and the way was very rough, yet he dreaded leaving her with the risk of not being able to find her again. He fancied there was a sheep-pen near, where some shelter could be got, and sent Mr. M'Larty to see if he could find it, warning him not to go beyond the sound of his whistle, or he might lose them.

Then he explained to Lily the alternative that lay before her—to remain with Mr. M'Larty, who was footsore and weary, and unable to reascend, in the hope that the mist might clear away, or he rejoin them; or undertake the great fatigue of going with him, with the chance of finding Rose and rescuing her from danger.

She listened with patience till he had finished; then raised her soft eyes, softer and more beautiful than ever with their expression of perfect confidence.

"I shall go with you, Norval."

It was the first time she had called him his name, and she was unconscious that she had done it.

But he was not. That and her confiding look swept away all his prudent resolutions to refrain from telling her of his love till better days should dawn for him. He pressed her slender hand closely in his, and looking down into hers with eyes filled with ineffable love—

"Lily, will you let me shield and protect you through life with the devotion of one to whom you are the dearest thing on earth?"

Her eyelids drooped till the long black lashes swept her cheek, and as Norval drew her to him, she laid her head upon his breast, and whispered,

"I shall go with you now and always, Norval."

He clasped her to his heart with wild joy and the cloud that hung over his future vanished for the time with the kiss that sealed their happiness.

Mr. M'Larty returned to say that he had found a sheep-pen where some shelter could be had.

Norval told him that Lily had elected to go with him, but that if he liked to remain they would try to pick him up in their descent. To this Mr. M'Larty at once agreed, and Norval having provided him with a cigar, spent his time most pleasantly arranging with himself that he should propose to Miss Montgomery next morning, and devising various improvements and additions that he should make to the manse when he should have the means at his disposal.

Norval and Lily started, and it was wonderful how pleasant and easy the way seemed, even when the path was roughest and the climbing stiffest.

When they stopped a little to rest, Norval told Lily how he had resolved to be silent, that he might not bind her to a long engagement, as he saw no prospect of his being able to marry for years to come.

"After Glenach is sold, and the debt paid on it, and my mother's comfort provide for, I shall have something over that may prove the foundation of another fortune. And sometimes I have ventured to look forward to the time when I may again possess my father's land."

"But, Norval," said Lily timidly, "if I have some money, will not that pay the debt on Glenach, and prevent your parting with it?"

"My dearest, if you had even Rose's wealth, I would not take it for the purpose. My own Sibyl, I have so often felt grateful that you are not Sibyl Montgomery; if you had been I never could have asked you to be my wife."

Lily trembled a little, and put her hand in his.

"Norval dear, tell me that whatever happens you will never cease to love."

"Never, my darling, shall I cease to love you better than my life."

As they proceed on their way to join them, let us see what Sir Percy and Rose are about.

When he saw the mist coming down, Sir Percy, profiting by his experience on the moors, hastened towards the stream, and reached it in time. He sought a sheltered spot behind a rock, and wrapping Rose in his plaid, resolved to wait for the chance of the fog lifting before attempting the difficult and to him unexplored, descent.

Finding herself alone with Sir Percy, Rose got a little nervous, and tried by lively sallies and light laughter to ward off all serious conversation. But Sir Percy was grave and preoccupied, and the rocks sent back her forced laughter with mocking echo, and she was forced to give in, and wait for whatever might be in store for her.

After a short silence, during which the spray of white heather which poor Mr. M'Larty had scoured the hillside to procure for her was torn to shreds, Sir Percy said, with forced composure,

"Miss Montgomery, I have waited an opportunity to tell you what you must have already guessed—that since I have known you, you have been the object of all my thoughts, and that I have hoped against hope that you might reciprocate my affection. One day I have ventured to think that I was not an object of indifference to you; the next I have seemed further than ever from the goal of my hopes."

Here the strong man broke down, and stretching out his arms, pleaded in broken accents.

"Sibyl, dearest Sibyl, say that you will be mine—say at least that there is some hope, that you do not love another."

Poor Rose! His calm manner at first gave her time to collect her thoughts, and to strive for strength to dash the cup of happiness from her lips, but his last appeal overcame her for a moment. Coming straight from his heart, it went straight to hers, and she longed with an almost irresistible longing to cast herself into his outstretched arms. She covered her face, and trembled with the intensity of her struggle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Teresa Bell, wife of a rich Californian, travels with some $335,000 worth of diamonds. She has a passion for diamonds. The aim of her life seems to be diamonds. Her A 1 necklace is worth $50 000; the second $40,000, and the third $20 000. The $50 000 necklace bears a single stone worth $5 000 Her girdle and stomacher are worth $125 000 The stomacher carries a $5,000 solitaire. There are 800 diamonds in the stomacher. Her diamond bracelets and armlets are worth $75,000. Her diamond peacock's feather is worth $22,000 and the eye is a $5,000 stone.

Some years ago a man named Cannon hired a man in Texas to murder an enemy. The man who did the murder was condemned to death, but the night before the day set for his execution his wife brought him poison in her mouth, and both were found dead the next morning. Cannon, the man who inspired the murder, has just been captured and will probably hang.

M. Jacob, a clever Paris detective, said that he could always recognize a man no matter what were his disguises, simply by the expression of his eyes. On one occasion, on a bet, he went to the jail of La Roquette, and from five hundred or more convicts a dozen were paraded in coverlets and hoods, so that only their eyes could be seen. He named each one as he passed.

PARTING.

BY F L.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine!
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps, ere that to-morrow comes?

Men have been known lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years, ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

Arethusa.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD

MY mother's cottage lay in the shadow of Beechhurst, and hardly seemed more my home than was the great red house where I was always made so welcome.

Sir Arnold Warwick had been like a father to me, ever since my mother, in her girl widowhood, had come to live at the cottage in Ford Valley; and so from childhood my life seemed linked with Marion's, for she was Sir Arnold's only child, and my constant playfellow. She was a little fairy princess to me in those childish days, and every beautiful child of whom I read had Marion's face and form.

So winning was she that no wonder she was idolized by every one in Ford Valley; above all, no wonder that I should be devoted to her with all my heart, and that I should haunt every spot where—if she were not with me—I guessed that she might be. And the favorite spot of all, to her and to me, was the shadowy bank above the river, where the two aspens bent and touched the Arethusa fountain. And at such times it would be perhaps that, at my entreaty, Marion would tell me the tale which seemed to belong to the place.

The old Grecian story I could never forget. How Arethusa, pursued by the river-god, Alpheus, was turned in a fountain right in the way; and how the divine lover, for a moment halting in his course, kissed her ere he passed her by.

"That was of course the very thing Alpheus liked," I would say, looking at Marion. "He could flow down to her, and kiss her, and dance past her, and go on doing this for ever. He need never pass without the kiss, and, as he has to be always passing, of course he likes it very much. Perhaps she grew to love him a little by degrees?"

"I don't know," said Marion gravely. "But the real fountain cannot be prettier than this one, can it, George? Grandpa had that marble figure put there because, you see, the fountain almost stops the river, going quite across it, like the real one did."

I would not stop Marion to question which of the fountains was the more real, because my ignorance of any part of the story, except what she chose to tell me, was to be most evident.

To-night, as I sit in the crowded hospital, thousands of miles away from it, my eyes pained with the sight of haggard wounded faces, my ears aching with the sound of dying words and cries, I feel hungry for the touch of the fresh cool turf and the sound of the rippling water.

* * * * *

My school days were over, and on the morrow I should leave home for the first time. So I set out for Beechhurst to bid Marion good bye, and ere I returned our troth was plighted under the whispering aspens.

Marion prophesied that my days at Oxford would pass quickly because I should work so hard.

At last the first term had worn away and I went home, my heart filled with love and hope. How beautiful Marion had grown. She was not a child any longer, and my heart leaped with joy to see that her love for me had not changed.

"Yes, I am grown up now," she said, laughing "and I am not glad. I do not want to be obliged to go out in the world, George. I have no friends. I have not even a relative, you know, except Guy Cassilis."

"Yes," I answered shortly, for with a strange perversity I always silenced Marion by my own silence, when she spoke of this cousin whom neither she nor I had ever seen.

So happy were we through that vacation that the last day came with sighs to find us in the fulness of our great content.

I returned to college and worked harder than ever. And when one day an unexpected honor had been conferred upon me, I resolved to visit home and acquaint my mother and Marion with the news.

Reaching Ford Valley, almost the first words my mother spoke were that Marion the night before had been at a grand ball in the neighborhood with Captain Cassilis.

I met Marion in the pleasant little grove which gave its name to her home, and in a moment she was clasped in my arms.

"Marion, darling, why did you not tell me of your cousin's visit?"

"I do not know," she answered.

"You told him of our engagement?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "and he went away last night."

"Darling," I faltered, "let us say no more of this; say to me you are mine for always."

"I have said it, George," she answered. "Then I am happy."

I went again to my studies, and at last my college career was ended and I commenced work in my first curacy.

* * * * * *

Breaking the calm and peace of the Sunday morning, in my quiet Kentish village, came a terrible shock. An express train had been wrecked.

Side by side we laid the dead, and carried the wounded to the cottages near by.

"This," said one of the physicians, as he moved softly from a low bed which I hurriedly had made up in my own study, "is the saddest case of all."

The injured man had a handsome face and bore a refined look.

No one knew him and there was nothing upon him to identify him.

I watched by the sufferer, and in his delirium I heard him murmur:

"Marion, Marion, can you part us? Can you send me from you in earnest? Ah, would the fountain be half so beautiful without the river?"

* * * * *

I stood behind the little lodge at Beechhurst close to my old home. In the distance I could see Marion walk down the avenue, and out into the road. When I overtook her, my step was easy and careless, though my heart was beating passionately.

"I am come down to see the old place once more, Marion," I began.

"And not to see us, George? You are surely coming to stay with us a little, and to rest?"

"Not one hour, Marion. I must be back to-night in consequence of this accident."

"How terrible it was!" she said with a sigh. "And you can help them, George?"

"A little. But there is one poor person there who used to live about here, and knew you, and is always wanting you."

"Oh, George, how sad! Who is she?"

"We do not know. No one can tell because—she had no name about her, and no friends have been to seek her. And, Marion, I am here now because if you would come and tell us who she is, we might let her friends know, and she need not die without seeing one face that is dear to her. Do you understand?"

"I will go with you at once, George."

"Heaven bless you, dear! No one else can help her."

I led her to my little house and into the darkened room. Marion saw the face but gave no cry.

She fell upon her knees beside the bed and murmured

"Guy—Guy!"

And from the bed came a faint cry:

"Marion!"

I left the room with the physician, for I felt that I had no place there.

* * * * *

There is little more to tell. Captain Cassilis recovered, though very slowly, and my mother came to stay with me and nurse him for Marion's sake, while Marion herself—who had stopped in the village with her father—came each day, like the very sunshine, to our quiet house. And I think that through that time, though I knew that we were parted, we were almost nearer to each other than we had been; for the young soldier who in his strength and power had separated us, in his dependence and his gratitude brought us together now.

When Captain Cassilis was able to walk about without my help, only leaning on Marion's arm, I married them in my own church and they went abroad together, that he might escape the English winter—that winter in which my bride was to have been given to me.

They had not been married many months when the war broke out in the East. Then I saw that my work lay before me, and I left my mother settled once more in her own cottage, and took my Master's message to the sick and dying.

Now the war is over; and Guy and Marion will soon meet. Last night, as I sat at my watch beside a dying bed, Major Cassilis came in to say good-bye. To-day he is on his way to Marion, and to the old sweet home which I had loved so dearly. And, when he reaches home, my mother, of whom Marion takes such loving care, will know that her only son—who feels that her unchanging love is Heaven's best gift to him—will join her soon himself.

A terrible story of the plague comes from Russia. Thousands are dying, and whole villages have been laid waste to prevent the spread of the pest. Infected spots are carefully guarded, and all who attempt to escape are shot down like dogs. A desperate attempt is being made to confine the plague to its present limits. It is the genuine black pest, and after death the victim turns black in a few hours.

Two Wives.

BY A. G. O.

AMELIA JOHNSON and Amanda Williams were married the same year. The former was but the graduate of a boarding school, who was engaged at fifteen to Mr. Bender, who fell in love with her beauty, and never seemed to think but the inward charms were correspondent to the outward ones.

The other young lady (Miss Williams) was about her age; that is, just turned of eighteen, a fine domesticated young girl, who had been taught that to become a wife was assuming a responsibility, and to conduct a family well was a rare but imperative duty.

Amelia Johnson was always petted by her lover, and of course she expected to be by her husband. She fancied it was the privilege of womanhood to be weak and helpless, to be ignorant of household labor, to be always a little sick;—to live on attentions and to exact the same services which had been shown her previous to her marriage. She corresponded with Amanda, that is, she wrote a letter when she felt in the best trim, was uninterrupted by company, was tired of reading, lounging and fancy work; and we are permitted to insert one, as entirely characteristic of her ideas of a new wife in her new home.

"DEAR AMANDA:—I am delicate and frail as an aspen leaf. I have scarcely stepped my foot out of doors since my marriage. I suppose if I had your resolution I should walk every day, and possibly feel all the better for it; but, Amanda, there is a great deal in beginning right with a husband, as older people have informed me. Should I bustle about the house and superintend my domestic affairs as some ladies do, Mr. Bender would soon conclude that I was perfectly well, and perchance withdraw some of those minute attentions which I am determined to exact. It always seems to me to savor of vulgarity to face all sorts of weather, and endure all sorts of hardship, so I am resolved never to encourage the charge.

"My kitchen is generally in a perfect hubbub—I hate servants, but what can I do without them? My taste would be to secure elegant lodgings at some fine hotel, but Mr. Bender has something of the bachelor about him, and above all things desires a home—consequently I am doomed to keep in the house but not able to feel that I am housekeeping.

"But there is a strange inconsistency that always did cleave to me. I can endure any amount of fatigue in the way of balls and parties, yes, and exposure too—I never take cold when in full dress, that is, with bare arms and open neck. I never feel tired after dancing till morning, and the temperature of rooms does not affect me in the least. Nothing ever hurts me that I eat at these gay places—I can swallow ices and blanc mange, and chicken salad, and tiny wings of chickens, and jellies—yes, and champagne, yet it does not hurt me a particle. I cannot tell what makes me so woe begone when the excitement is over, but I declare I do not rally until the next party. I cannot talk, sing or touch anything all noises trouble me, and I generally recline at full length on a sofa, and endure what I cannot enjoy.

"Mr. Bender is however devoted to me—I wish I could make him a better wife; he needs an energetic person, not unlike your self, Amanda. Pray write me how you have commenced with your prize?

"Think you I shall always be such a fragile plant, fit only for a hot house, and yet continue to be the idol of my loving husband? How is it? If he should chance to grow unsentimental, what would become of your dear old chum.

"AMELIA BENDER."

Amanda Williams, now Mrs. John Newman, had so conceived of a model wife. She felt that men need, in a world like ours, women for their companions who have good common sense and everyday knowledge; who can control affairs, manage well, and are prepared to live in houses and not in books alone, and she thus replied to her friend.

"MY DEAR AMELIA:—I have just read your letter, and as you ask of me some replies to your questions, I will not leave my place until I answer them.

"My dear girl, in what sort of a world do you feel you are living? A mere complaining, selfish being, dependent upon others, a burden to yourself, without any dignified or useful employment? I suppose you have married a man of intelligence, and if so, he must secretly deplore his choice; think as you will of it, the best of husbands tire of inefficient wives.

"It is said to be an Irish proverb, that 'a man must ask permission of his wife if he may be rich.' Do we not promise to be mutual helpers in our marriage vows? Now it is in a small way—a little things, that a wife discharges her duties. It is a small matter to others whether I daily overlook my domestic affairs, but it is a very important consideration to my immediate family. If I have an improvident, wasteful servant, I surely ought to know it—if an orderly, neat and skilful one I surely ought to know it, to praise her the more.

"Amelia, begin a new life. Do not tell me you cannot—the energy expended in your fashionable routs carried systematically into domestic life, would so arouse your dormant energies, that you would be diverted forever from brooding over yourself.

I have my time so adjusted as to attend to every duty in its proper place, and so I am never hurried unless I omit some hour's labor which comes crowding into the next. I have little difficulty in housekeeping. Mr. Newman calls our home a perfect Eden, but I always remember that Eve must be faithful, and not touch the forbidden fruit which I conceive to be the tempting but delusive pleasures of fashionable society where one imperils the health. I have written plainly, my dear friend, for I am sensible you are pursuing a wrong course and are not happy in it—return to your home duties, and even to home trials, if you would meet the responsibilities of a good wife.

"Truly AMANDA NEWMAN."

We have now glanced into the characters of our two young wives—let us, before we part, look into their homes.

Mrs. Bender had just perused her friend's wholesome letter—she is weeping over her sharp rebukes, but then "she is so differently constituted from Amanda that she never could enter upon the battle of life."

But—what made Mr Bender sigh, as he read that good advice to his wife? What made him say peevishly but yesterday he wished he could invite a friend to dine occasionally without mortification? What made him tired of evening balls and soirees, and nightly entertainments? Why was housekeeping not more as he conceived it would be, before marriage? I do not shrink from telling you it was because he married for beauty and for nothing else. And now there was a sallow expression, a heavy eye, a faltering step, a lackadaisical air, and it did not look beautiful any longer. He could bear sickness—real invalidism would have moved his tenderest compassion—but a wife who had no interest in his affairs, no companionship for his leisure hours, what was she?

No wonder Mr. Bender told bachelor Prim, "Never get married, Prim—I tell you confidentially, my good fellow;—never get married."

But do you see a bright eyed, quick-paced fellow down yonder street, who has a sunny faced but not robust lady leaning upon his arm? That is Newman and his wife, taking their walk. They meet a solitary bachelor who is walking for exercise—an old friend.

"Go home with us to breakfast," both simultaneously repeat, and so they continue their walk, and the cheerful glow imparts a healthful appetite, and they return to sit down to just such a breakfast as sensible people always enjoy, and the solitary man says:

"Newman, I would give all the world to be in possession of such a home as yours."

And yet no effort was was made—everything went as usual, and it the very naturalness, which imparted the charm. The thought of it all day—he tried to solve the secret of his feeling so much at home—he wondered everybody's house was not so arranged, and finally it occurred to him that if everybody married such a sensible, discreet woman as his friend, there would be no bachelors groping through this world; for model wives make model homes. Besides, Newman spoke differently from Bender. "I advise you, my old friend," said the former, "to marry—but get a wife that cannot be strung into a song, nor set to music, nor the frame-work embroidered with tinsel—but one who scorns to be fascinated by a spendthrift, a rake, or a fool;" and the old bachelor is really looking earnestly to find such an one.

The winter has been unusually mild in the White Mountains—a region which has long been associated with a frigid temperature. Work on the Bethlehem and Franconia narrow gauge railroad has suffered little or no interruption on account of the weather. About 200 men are now employed, and it is expected that the road will be ready in June for summer travel. This line will connect Bethlehem Station with the Profile House.

The late Joseph Gillot, the noted steel pen manufacturer, after he became very rich had a mania for collecting old Italian instruments, and although he knew nothing whatever about music he became the owner of 500 violins and violoncellos—a large proportion of which were made by the great artists of Cremona. After his death they were found lying in dusty heaps or thrust away in boxes.

Sidney Hall, the English artist, whose work on the London *Graphic* has never been more brilliant than it was while he was accompanying the Prince of Wales in India, and who came to America in the suite of Princess Louise, has been requested by the Queen to return immediately so that he may paint the portrait of the Duke of Connaught, whose marriage is announced.

Our Young Folks.

MAGGIE'S ADVENTURE.

MAGGIE had on a new silk frock, a new hat, and a new pair of kid boots; she was a vain little girl, and thought much of her fine clothes. As she walked along with her little brother Bob she thought all the people were looking at her; and she was so much occupied in admiring the flowers in her hat and looking at her latest boots, that she did not see where she was going, until Bob said

"Oh!"

Then she saw that she was close to the water, and she heard a queer little voice saying:

"Fine feathers make a fine bird,
So I have heard, so I have heard."

There were some old posts in the water, and on one of these a small Dolphin was sitting, beating on very [illegible] by one fin.

"I thought fishes could not live out of water," said Maggie.

"Ah no, say not so,
For it will show
How little you know,"

answered the Dolphin.

"Where do you come from?" said Maggie.

"Come with me
And you shall see.
[illegible]
By the lake where you come
Your brother home."

Maggie did as she was bidden, and when she returned the Dolphin was waiting with a square boat that looked like a large biscuit tin. The Dolphin had jumped into the water and was splashing about there.

"Step in, step in,
Let the voyage begin,"

said the Dolphin. "Put first take off your hat," and with a wink of his tail he knocked Maggie's hat into the water.

"Oh, my hat! my hat!" said Maggie.

"Now take off your coat and boots, they are too heavy for the boat."

Maggie was ordered to take off her new boots and new coat and [illegible] the water, for the boat was beginning to sink.

"There's a pair of [illegible] put them on," said the Dolphin.

Maggie did so, and the boat began to sail. The sea-gulls were flying at and [illegible] and

"Our mistress is on the sand! Waiting for you. There is a [illegible]
They have come to [illegible]
Dolphin 'and we don't [illegible]
[illegible] up."

And the wind blew the boat along so quickly, that they soon reached the shore.

A funny little old woman, with a large bonnet, was waiting on the shore. She helped Maggie out of the boat and took both her hands saying, 'I hope you don't mind about' you have been rather [illegible] and she twirled her round and round until she was quite tired.

"But where is your hat?" said the old woman.

"In the water," said Maggie.

"And your coat and your boots?

"In the water."

"Why?" asked the old woman.

"I don't know," said Maggie.

"I do," said the old woman; "you are a vain little girl and too proud of your clothes."

Maggie looked down, and her face went very red.

"You see, I know all about you," said the old woman, "and I am going to teach you better."

"Who told you?" asked Maggie.

"A little bird," said the old woman.

Maggie wondered if it could be one of the seagulls.

"Come and see my pigeons," said the old woman.

And Maggie followed her into a room where there were ten little girls in colored frocks and large caps.

"Say your lesson," said the old woman.

Then the little girls began—

"We did not care for lessons;
Dressed out in [illegible] and sashes
For all the town to see.

"Our mothers sent us here to school,
And we were [illegible]
If we [illegible]
We home again shall go."

Then the old woman went to the other end of the room and sat down at a desk and taking a large pen began to cut it up. Maggie stood watching her, dressed in a [illegible].

After dinner she gave Maggie her lessons to learn and then all the girls together. Maggie soon took [illegible] them, and they told her how they had been of fine clothes and how the Dolphin had taught them in the same way that he had brought her.

After a time Maggie began to leave off wishing for her clothes as she found she could learn her lessons, and play and be happy without them. And one fine day when she had said her lessons very well indeed, the old woman got her a little [illegible] boat again, and the Dolphin guided her home.

LEFT BEHIND.

A WOODLAND STORY.

ONCE upon a time, some children gathered the beech-nuts that had fallen to the ground in the forest, and carried them home to their parents to feed the pigs. The parents were poor, and the pigs [illegible] they were big and fat enough to be sold in the market, the money given for them paid for the children's schooling and clothes.

This is why one little seed left behind in the forest, lying by itself upon a little bed of moss, cried and lamented to the moon, who was just rising over the trees:

"Here am I left all alone, [illegible] gone to do their proper duty in the world."

The moon stared, but said nothing.

"What may that duty be?" asked a glow-worm which shone out brightly, like a fallen star, in the moss close by where the beech-nut was lying.

"To fatten the pigs in Mike Timbertoe's sty."

"Surely, the loss of such a mission as that is not one that you need grumble at," returned the glow worm, a little shocked at [illegible] world than feeding swine."

The beech-nut did not know of them. If [illegible] one chance of being useful, in not being carried away with its fellows by the children.

All through the night, while the moon rose and set, and the stars marched solemnly [illegible] it need never have been made since now it would have to die down under the grasses, and none of the creatures in the great world would ever be any the better for, or ever even know of, its existence.

The night passed and morning came, the sun rose high in the heavens, and sent down one little ray of sunlight through the leaves of the trees, to comfort the solitary little [illegible] its mind to be miserable, and would not be comforted.

A little bird sang such a sweet song of love and praise to the Maker of all the birds and other forest creatures from a branch which waved in the soft air just above the [illegible]

Another night came, and another morning followed it; and then another, and another, and many others. Autumn winds whistled through the woods, and the leaves turned yellow and crimson, then brown, and rustled down from the branches on which they had danced so airily all the long summer through, covering the green grass [illegible] nut from sight. Then rains fell soaking the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] washing the beech nut down into the earth, where all was dark and cold. It it had [illegible] than ever now. And yet it was not altogether out of the reach of the sunbeams although it [illegible] might have felt them if he had been so determined to be miserable.

[illegible] like iron, and then a deep snow fell, gradually melting and sinking deeply into the earth. At length the hard skinned little beech nut was touched and [illegible] softer; it felt a strange [illegible] through it, a [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] there were [illegible] what they meant?

After long waiting and [illegible] [illegible] although it had died as a [illegible] new life as a tree. Out of the leaf strewn [illegible] and all the wide forest trembling into greenness. What could it mean? The beech-nut was completely puzzled for many days, but by [illegible] and after the other [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WHICH WAY?

BY S. P. A.

Children, stop your play,
And tell me which way
I shall take to reach the city on the hill.
First the girl,
With a smile:
"This way;
Through the woods, across the stile,
By a brook where wild flowers grow,
Where the birds sing sweet and low;
Then you forget it is so far,
And how tired you are;
For the calm rests you, makes you still,
If you take this way to the city on the hill."

Then the boy,
With a frown:
"This way;
By the mill and through the town—
You will see the soldiers there,
Hear the drums and pass the fair;
Then you forget the way is long
While you walk in the throng,
For the noise wakes you, makes you thrill,
When you go this way to the city on the hill."

COLLECTING THE TITHES.

As in the old Jewish religion, all were compelled to pay tithes of all they possessed, so now in the Christian sects every man is expected to give according to his ability for the support of the Gospel and of the preacher. And as fashions vary even in ecclesiastical matters the personal payments formerly in vogue have been superseded by the fashion of passing around among the congregation certain plates, boxes or baskets, into which each drops the sum he may choose to give.

The careful student of trifles, if he should go into a strange church, not knowing its denomination, would often be able to make a shrewd guess at it by looking carefully at the receptacle which he would see handed around for the contributions. The old New England fashion, which is still followed in many Presbyterian and Congregationalist churches, and is greatly favored in village churches throughout the eastern part of the United States, was to have boxes with long handles. These boxes are commonly made of mahogany or some other dark colored hard wood, and are lined with green baize to deaden the chink of the falling coin. The handles are three or four feet in length, while the box is about the size of a cigar box. Grasping the end of the handle, the collector, who in such churches is commonly a silver-haired deacon or elder, goes to the head of each pew, and reaches the box to each occupant in turn. In the Episcopal and Catholic churches silver plates, or plates that seem to be silver, are most commonly used, and are passed by the collector to the person sitting at the head of the pew. It is then passed from hand to hand until each person in the pew has had the opportunity to put something in, when it is handed back from one to another and taken by the collector to the next pew. Many of the Episcopal churches again, use plates of delf ware, or of turned or carved wood. The baize lining, however, is to be found in all. A still greater departure from the old fashion box, is the basket, of about the same diameter as the plates described, but with sides turned up two or three inches. Of course, in camp meetings and in many of the poorer churches in the country, where church furniture is scarce, the hat of some obliging person is a good and convenient substitute.

In many places of worship the collection seems almost a part of the service, so that it was probably the result of unthinking observation that led the lumberman of the Mississippi to worship. His raft was going to pieces and he called to his only companion, "Jim, can you pray?" "No," said Jim. "Then sing a hymn." "Can't," said Jim sullenly. "Then pass me your hat, quick, and we'll take up a collection. We're going to sink and we must do something."

It is related of one clergyman, a pastor in a small Western town, when habits of liberality were not considered indispensable prerequisites to the right of citizenship, that he was much troubled by a custom which obtained of putting buttons in the plate instead of coin. He studied for a long time on the problem of how best to cure so shifty a vice, and at last hit on an expedient. An annual collection was to be taken up for the heathen and as the deacons were about to pass the plate the clergyman spoke. "My beloved hearers," said he, "I wish to caution you against one thing which is often done by you more through inadvertence than aught else, I believe. Do not, I pray you, flatten down the eyes of the buttons you so generously give the heathen. It does not impose on the poor savage recipient of your bounty. He does not take them for money and they are rendered useless as buttons." It is needless to say that no more buttons were put on the plate in that church.

In some churches the clergyman can commonly be noticed to sit with his hand over his eyes, as if ashamed to look on the collection of money in the temple, but in more instances the collection is taken in a matter-of-fact way, all present acquiescing in the supposed necessity of attending to the temporal affairs of the church, even if worship has to be interrupted. The organ is commonly played, and, in case there is a fine choir, a chant or some solo is sung. The custom in many churches is to alternate the verses of a chant with reading appropriate texts from the scriptures. In other places, again, there is an air about the ceremony that might almost be called jovial without disrespect. In Plymouth Church it is not uncommon thing for the pastor to explain the object of some collection and then, while the baskets are passing from one to another, to make a short address, in which, by his eloquence, his pathos, and frequently by his wit, to induce larger contributions than usual. More frequently, however, he simply says, "Pass the baskets," and relapses into meditation while the fragments are gathered up.

Dr. Talmage has the temporal affairs of his church, the Tabernacle, differently ordered from those of Plymouth Church. In the Tabernacle no pew rents are charged to any one, and the entire expenses are borne out of the receipts at the regular contribution levied each Sunday morning. "We will now make an offering to the Lord. The collection will now be taken," is the unvarying announcements from the pulpit, and then Mr. Arbuckle plays a solo on the cornet, with Mr. Morgan accompanying him on the great organ, while the ushers pass around the long-handled boxes in a business like manner, conscientiously presenting them to each individual in the congregation, but passing indifferently by any who do not choose to give.

The specification of different instances among the denominations, however, becomes monotonous, as in the most of them the collections are quietly taken and the contributions are entirely voluntary. In many of them collections have of late years been entirely or partially done away with, and envelopes are provided and placed in each pew, in which those who choose enclose such sums as they see fit to give.

The customs of the Jews, it is said, do not differ in any part of the world in regard to the support of their synagogues and their characters. No collections are ever taken during their services and and no fee is ever charged for admission to them. Free seats are to be found in every synagogue, whether "orthodox" or "reformed," and strangers and those who feel too poor to contribute money are always welcome to occupy these seats. Of course the expenses of the synagogue must be and are met, and it is seldom that one hears of the financial trouble of a congregation of Israelites. The pecuniary affairs are managed by the trustees, and they raise the necessary money from three different sources. In the first place, pews are rented and the rents are collected quarterly, half yearly, or yearly, as in Christian churches; secondly, at the close of the early service every Saturday and holidays certain members of the congregation are "called before the law." This ceremony is as follows: At the close of the regular morning service and before the beginning of the additional service, the minister (not the rabbi) and his assistants take from the ark one or more of the scrolls of the law and a portion of the silver and jewelled priestly paraphernalia. These are borne to the raised platform called "Theba," and the minister calls out the Hebrew name of some member of the congregation, who steps forward and receives the blessing of the congregation, pronounced in Hebrew by the minister. A portion of the law is read by the minister, and the person called then whispers to him the amount he wishes to give for this blessing, the amount he wishes to give for prayers for the repose of the souls of his ancesters, and it may be for prayer for other objects. These sums are then announced aloud by the minister, and another member is called upon by name. Five persons are thus solicited on each holiday and seven on each Saturday. The list for each day is made up by the president of the board of trustees of the congregation, who generally includes in it the names of any well-to-do persons in whose families there has been a death or a birth or a marriage or any special sign of the grace of God. The third source of revenue is from the burial grounds. At the entrance to each Jewish cemetery is placed a box, in which every Jew who visits the graves of his dead places money. The total of these contributions generally defrays the expenses of the maintenance of the place, and affords a surplus which goes to the trustees of the congregation owning the cemetery.

The purely charitable expenses of the Jews are maintained by societies entirely distinct from the organization of the congregation.

Grains of Gold.

The jest that gives pain is no jest.

The only way to make a friend is to be one.

Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.

Never make yourself the hero of your own story.

It is easier to believe an ill report than to inquire into the truth thereof.

None but Heaven and the poor know what the poor do for each other.

Greatness may build the tomb, but it is goodness that must make the epitaph.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth and an excuse to your error.

He who despises praise will not be likely to practise the virtues that would entitle him to it.

It is with our good intentions as with our days; to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

There are moments in life when, no matter what is the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

A sudden elevation in life, like mounting into a rarer atmosphere, swells us out, and often perniciously.

Be careful how thou sayest anything of the absent, which thou shouldst be unwilling they should hear, if present.

An abundance of peace shall be multiplied unto him who in his secret heart steadfastly resolves not to suffer from imaginary ills.

Never refuse to receive an apology. You may not receive friendship, but courtesy will require, when an apology is offered, that you accept it.

No great civilization is possible to a race, nor spiritual progress to an individual, where the power of death to dissolve life is not conquered in thought and feeling.

Patience under persecution is a Christian virtue; but there are times in the history of communities, as well as of individuals, when silence is sin and submission a crime.

If you were as willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own house as you are in the company of your neighbors, you would have the happiest home in the world.

Duty is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct; the right forms the rule of his behavior; deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

"Don't you find that it hurts your lawn to let your children play on it?" asked a friend of a suburban resident the other day. "Yes," answered the gentleman addressed; "but it doesn't hurt the children."

When a generous man is compelled to give a refusal, he generally gives it with a worse grace than the ungenerous; first, because it is against his nature; and, secondly, because it is out of his practice.

Evil thoughts, those birds of ill-omen may alight anywhere; but you may be sure they never stay where they are unwelcome. Some things, at least, are optional with you, and neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil can compel you to entertain unholy thoughts or desires, if you do not choose to do so.

Femininities.

There is too much promiscuous kissing in this country.

A woman is a candidate for Journal Clerk of the Arkansas Senate.

A tyrant, says the cynic, is a husband who refuses to be a slave to his wife.

The ways of woman—anywhere from ninety to two hundred pounds.

Cambria county has a female constable. No man objects to being arrested.

It is a grand mistake to suppose that a widow's veil is always a vale of tears.

Painting horse shoes is the passion of the dawdling young lady of the period.

The border troubles are said to be nothing in comparison with boudoir troubles.

How to draw to a girl out—seat her upon a sled, seize the end of the rope and scoot.

A young lady in Indianapolis won a wager by not speaking for a week. There are not many such.

Man wants but little here below, but a woman wants most everything she sees her neighbors have.

A novelty in stockings has a medallion of lace upon the instep, in which the owner's monogram is worked.

The first women clerks employed in the national treasury were appointed in 1862. There are now over 1,300.

A city man being asked by his wife to buy for her the latest pattern-sheet, called for "the latest pattern for a sheet."

When Mrs. President Hayes subscribes money to a charitable purpose she always has it accredited to a "friend."

When a lady stands at the hymenal altar with her intended, you may know she is about to draw her beau into a knot.

An Indiana lady of eighty-eight years is growing a third set of teeth, which are so far advanced that she is able to use them.

It is safe to guess of what a young man is thinking when he takes short steps, and holds his arm as though a little hand rested on the crook of his elbow.

Miss Mary Wadleigh, of Sutton, Mass., has no fewer than 100 pet cats, and when one of them dies she has it buried and its grave marked by a neat monument.

It takes twenty yards of dry goods to make a fashionable young lady's dress nowadays—six to wear on her person and fourteen to carry in her right hand or up under her elbow.

A Buffalo man dreamed that he was going over the falls, and had his wife by the throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she struck at an Indian.

It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beauty, how long he remained lord of the creation. "Till he got a wife," was the reply.

It is announced on the authority of an "eminent physician" that it is not healthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives, it is said, can rise at seven and start the fire as heretofore.

"Yes," said a young lady who was possessed of a fine voice, "I am often asked to appear in public, but—" "But what?" observed a friend. "Well," she replied, "I should never be able to sustain my part, I am so easily decomposed."

When a woman gets on the shady side of forty, there are two things of which she is positively certain: That she knows more than all the doctors in christendom, and that if it wasn't for her gray hairs people wouldn't take her to be over thirty.

Elder sister to little one, (who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbens): "Come little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." Little Pet—"I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbens were together."

The way to reach a man's heart is to cater to his appetite. A girl who can claw a piano and agitate the atmosphere is a good parlor ornament, but one that can grease a griddle and turn two pancakes at a time is the kind of a female to tie to, this time of the year.

A young lady advertised for a maid. One applied, and in response to the inquiry whether she was quick, she replied, "Oh, so quick that I will engage to dress you every day in half an hour." "In half an hour!" reiterated the young lady; "and what shall I do the rest of the day?"

The women in Kansas vote at the school elections. At a recent election at Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only two years old, it was time to close the polls and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot.

At a small country town there lately died a middle-aged man, leaving a widow of 35. At the funeral, the deacon of the village alluded to the good qualities of the deceased, and among others his generosity. He said the deceased had lent him some money once. Upon which, the weeping widow raised her head and inquired how much, and whether he had paid it back or not.

A woman in a Kansas Pacific Railroad car sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant, and said, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, its that eye." "Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye. But I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and compliment combined put the woman into a good humor.

The other morning the head of the family who is deaf and uses an ear trumpet, thought he heard a terrible clatter in the street, and, running to the wall, hastily put the little end of the trumpet in his ear, and rested the big end on the wall. The belated vendor of lacteal fluid had just driven up, mistook the wind instrument for the regular pitcher, poured a quart of milk into it, and drove rapidly away, which accounts for the milk in the deaf man's cocoanut. He didn't hear anything much, but the milkman would if he had waited a moment.

Hurelius.

Grateful results—Cinders.

A strapping fellow—The barber.

The latest thing in hose—the feet.

A dashing affair—A beach billow.

People of settled convictions—Prisoners

A dry time—About eleven o'clock a. m.

Fine day—Monday morning at the police court.

Bread in the bone.—A piece of biscuit in the tooth.

Men whose business drives them to the wall—Bill posters.

Girls who want to go off like Chinese fire-crackers have their hair banged.

He passed a counterfeit bank note in the morning and a sleepless night in the lockup.

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been engaged to fix up the locks of a canal.

A Japanese in this country wrote home: "Everybody here is a doctor, and always shakes your hand and asks after your health."

"Did they encore him?" was asked of a young lady who was relating the performances of an aspirant for musical honors. "A little," she replied, "but not enough to call him out."

The difference between honor and discretion is, that honor tells you not to hit a man when he's down, and discretion warns you to be careful about hitting him when he isn't down.

On a recent trial a witness was asked as to the common sense of the prisoner. "Whenever he was sober," he said, "he was very sensitive—as sensitive as any other man; but when drunk he was very much exaggerated."

A man advertises: "Lost or stolen, my liver and white pointer dog 'Sport.'" It is no uncommon thing for a man to lose his dog, but how a man could lose his liver, or have it stolen from him without his knowledge, is what gets us.

A man in Boston killed his wife recently because she knew more than he did. If all the husbands in the country were to follow the example, nine women out of every ten would die rather than admit the absence of the alleged provocation.

Augustus and Maud linger long on the balcony these clear, cool evenings, and drink in deep draughts of astronomy; that is, they attentively and persistently study the reflected stars in each other's eyes, while they take particular notice of Mars' movements.

"Fellow citizens," said a local candidate, "there are three topics that now agitate the State—greenbacks, taxes and the penitentiary. I shall pass over the first two very briefly, as my sentiments are well known, and come to the penitentiary, where I shall dwell for some time.

After the unique and cautious verdict rendered recently by a coroner's jury, in the West, all disbelievers in the jury system should be converted. The verdict referred to was: "The child was suffocated, but there is no evidence to show that the suffocation was before or after death."

Old lady to taxidermist: "You can see yourself, man, you only stuffed my poor parrot in the summer, and here's his feathers tumbling out before your eyes." Taxidermist: "Lor' bless ye, 'm, that's the triumph of our art. We stuffs 'em that natural as they moults in their proper season."

"Papa, me has been baptize, ain't me?" asked a little year-old, "Yes; dear." "Then me won't have to be baptize again?" "No; but can you remember anything about being baptized?" "I dess I can!" "Well, what did the minister do to you?" "He shoved up my sleeve and stuck a katie in my arm."

An exchange tells us the only way to civilize the Indian is to put a hoe in his hand and tell him "to hoe or perish." Then "the only way" is no way. Put a hoe in his hand, tell him to hoe or perish; go back in two hours, and you will find that he has swapped his hoe for a quart of whisky and is off perishing like a lord.

There is one terrible revulsion of feeling in a man's life that no eloquence of pen has the power to describe. It is when he falls prone, or pretty nearly prone, to the earth, overwhelmed with confusion and anti-friction sidewalk, and then looks around and pours out his soul in grateful libations to the immortal gods when he knows that nobody saw him go down.

They were playing at cards, when all of a sudden the game was interrupted, angry words passed, and the players rose. "See here, you're holding too many aces." "What do you say, sir?" "I say you are a swindler." "I will call you to account for this unpardonable insult." "I am at your service at any time." "Here's my card, sir." (Throws down, by mistake, another ace which he draws from his pocket.)

A gentleman who had been fishing, and came home without any spoils of the finny tribe, told his wife that he had seen but one fish, and that was a pike, which looked at his bait and seemed weighing the chances between catching it and being caught himself. The wife responded, "And of course he was able to weigh the matter correctly, because he had so many scales." "That finishes me," exclaimed the husband, as he dropped in a chair.

"Do you feel much pain this morning, dear?" said a thoughtful wife to her husband. "Pain? No!" he said, loftily; "why should I?" "Well, you rolled down two pair of stairs last night, when you came home from the dinner party, and I had to get James to help me carry you up. I thought you fell sore, maybe." "Rush of blood to the head," he said. "I'll go and get some medicine immediately, before I eat a bit of breakfast. I'm glad you told me, Catherine."

So INSIDIOUS ARE THE FIRST approaches of Consumption, that thousands remain unconscious of its presence until it has brought them to the verge of the grave. An immediate resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, upon the first appearance of Cough, Pain or Soreness of the Throat or Chest, would very generally preclude a fatal result, or, in case the symptoms indicate the presence of Latent Consumption, would tend to subdue the violence of the disease, and thus materially assist in prolonging the life of the patient. Use the Expectorant therefore when you take a Cold, and by so doing prevent the necessity for its use in more dangerous complaints.

WEALTH FROM RUBBISH.

"DIRT," said Lord Palmerston, some years ago, "is simply matter in the wrong place." Modern chemists and speculators, taking the saying to heart, have for a decade or so bent all their energies to getting rid of the obnoxious epithet by putting matter in the right place, when, instead of dirt, it becomes gold. The rubbish that formerly floated down our rivers, was cast into the sea, shot into waste ground, or increased into ugly mounds, disfiguring the landscape, is analyzed, re-constructed, and sent into circulation in other forms, and under new names.

Abroad this is more the case than here. Many are familiar with the London dust-cart and the lugubrious cry of its attendants, who, coated with a light brown layer of the material in which they are continually dabbling, make the quiet streets and suburbs echo with their loud and prolonged roar of "Dust-ho!"

There, whether the dust is taken by contractors or utilized by the ward authorities in which it is collected a large open space is needed for its collection. As each cart comes up with its uninviting load, it is directed to a given spot, where the contents are tilted into a separate heap, to be dealt with by a class of persons who have their counterpart in what were formerly known as the "rag pickers of Paris," or those ragged and solitary individuals called in Scotland "midden-rakers." They are of both sexes, and though the occupation at first sight might appear unhealthy, some veterans in the profession have asserted us this is a mistake. Ordinary mortals are said to be obliged to "swallow their peck of dust and die," but these "hill-men" and "hill-women," as they are enigmatically called, although obliged to swallow bushels a year, live to a good old age and enjoy the best of health.

As soon as one cart has emptied itself in the yard a swarm of men and boys at once surround the load, pick out the bones, glass and crockery, whole or broken bottles, nails, scraps of iron, old saucepans, rags, paper, greasy dish-cloths, and the thousand and one items thrown away by the household as useless. This done, women, each armed with a sieve and a number of baskets, gather round the heap, and while one man remains to assist them, the others rush off to a new one to repeat the operation in which they have just been engaged. The women now hold their sieves to receive each a shovelful of the dust, which they riddle till all the finer particles, consisting chiefly of floor-sweepings, ashes, and coal-dust, have passed through, and scraps of unburnt coal, or larger bits of cinder, with paper, small bones, bits of glass, and other things remain. Each of these is thrown into its proper basket, a fresh shovelful of the heap is taken and dealt with, till the whole of it has been roughly but effectively analyzed, when the ladies transport themselves to a fresh cart load, and deal with it in a similar manner.

In most yards the workpeople are paid either by the day or piece, and the women may earn on an average as much as three dollars a week. They have, in addition, the privilege of a "sider" of cinders, coal, and bits of wood, which they either carry home for fuel or dispose of at the yard-gates to those who are poorer than themselves; but these diurnal *honoraria* are worth money, and may, in some instances, add nearly a dollar to their weekly earnings.

Wretched as these laborers may appear, their legs tied up in coarse sacking, their heads covered with undistinguishable material, and their garments so saturated with dust that it is difficult to say which is flesh and which clothes, to hear them singing at their work, or to see them after their working attire has been removed and replaced by evening dress, and soap and water have charmed the dirt from face and arms, they look on the whole as if they rather enjoyed living nine or ten hours a day in the midst of "breeze," and took kindly to the wholesale swallowing of dirt.

"Breeze" is the technical term for the small dust that passes through the fine sieves, and, consisting as it does in most localities of a large admixture of unconsumed coal, is a valuable commodity. The brickmakers of the metropolis and the home counties buy it eagerly, and even the builders deal largely in the road-sweepings.

The "breeze" is thrown into the interstices between the bricks stacked in the kiln, and when set fire to burns with a dull red heat till the clay is baked into a hard substance. Sometimes it is mixed with the clay prior to its being placed in the mould, to increase the bulk, and at the same time to facilitate the "cooking" of the bricks, so that in reality it may be said that the suburbs are the outcome of the dust-bins of the older portions of the capital, and that what is carted away as useless rubbish is handed back in the shape of bricks and mortar.

Bottles, broken glass, and bits of crockery-ware form a large percentage of the contents of every dust-bin. The last-named, with the rest of the "hard core," as the solid ingredients in the dust are called, such as stones, oyster shells, and clinkers, are used by builders for making the foundations of new streets, laying over drain-pipes, or for forming a solid bottom on which the flag-stones are laid. The whole bottles—mostly those originally bought from the chemist—simply find their way back again to vendors of medicine. The broken glass—one of the most indestructible of manufactured products—is simply taken to the glass house, re-melted, and moulded into new bottles, or spread out into sheets for mirrors or window panes.

Bones, scraps of iron, nails, hair-pins, broken horn or ivory, also take their place among the "hard core" of the dust-yard, and none of them are thrown away. The joint served up hot and appetizing at dinner, cold at supper, or in the form of hash a day or so afterwards, has its quota of bone; which, though boiled till it looks more like a bit of lime than anything else, is even then destined to a further career of usefulness. Bones, however, are divided into various classes. There are green bones got direct from the butcher, with marrow, fat, and gristle adhering, which fetch the highest price—sometimes as much as $30 per ton; then household bones, which, taken from the meat, are thrown to the dog or into the dust bin—worth from five to six dollars less; then bones that have been boiled, their value depending upon the time they have been subjected to water: and lastly, bones that have been steamed in potted meat establishments, which are the cheapest of all, because neither marrow nor gristle remains on them after the thorough cleaning they undergo. The larger bones are used by cutlers for knife-handles, tooth brushes, combs, napkin rings, trinkets; and other things; and the smaller ones crushed, ground, or broken are carbonized, made into bone-flour, or treated with muriatic acid and spread over the soil as a fertilizer much more productive than guano. Bone-ash is used by silver and gold assayers, as it absorbs all impurities, and leaves the metals intact; a product made from the ash is used by the butler in scouring the plate; and the perfumer's violet powder and tooth paste are for the most part made of bone-ash.

Other samples of "hard core," such as scrap iron, old pans, nails, etc., are used over and over again; and in the streets and on smithy floors are gathered the old nails wrenched from worn-out horse-shoes, which produce the raw material from which the finest gun-barrels are manufactured. The pan the cook threw away the other day is carefully laid aside by the dust-contractor, and when he has a certain quantity of useless household utensils, he sells them to an enterprising gentleman, who melts the solder, collects it, and sells it to the plumber or tinman in bars of lead. The old iron goes back to the furnace, and assumes the shape of new knife-blades and other useful articles.

"Soft core" is the name given by the dust-sifter to such things as paper, linen, cotton, or woolen rags, hay, straw, vegetables, and all substances perishable and soft. The hay, straw, and decaying vegetable matter are sent to the market gardeners who from them produce next year's potatoes cauliflowers, kidney-beans, peas, and cabbages. The paper, if white, goes back to the mill, and is returned to the same house perhaps in packets of superfine scented note paper. That printed on is cleared from ink, and reappears some day in the last new book, or bearing the name of some morning journal. Colored or decayed paper is manufactured into papier-mache, or it may be that the head of the doll with which the dear children are playing was moulded out of the paper that rotted on some dust-heap. Cotton rags nearly all go into paper; and the dirty cloths with which the servant wiped the canvas, old stockings, and other scraps of wool return in the shape of tweeds and other cloth to make the boys their last new suit. In one word, the dust-bin is a mine of wealth, and the articles that go into it are always returning, after being used by man, to be re-manufactured, used again, and once more thrown away.

New Publications.

"Field and Afloat" is the title under which the Sunday Post of this city makes a new departure. Hereafter it will make a specialty of sporting matters, including everything that properly comes under that head. The size of the paper has been very much increased, which will enable the proprietors to do their work justice. If the succeeding numbers are at all comparable in point of merit with the first, Philadelphia will have a sporting journal that will do the city credit.

"Wit and Humor" is the title of a new work just issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago. It is a collection of bright stories, smart sayings, paragraphs, and in fact every phase of this extensive subject. The contents are classified into departments, treating of the witticisms of the bench, bar, medicine, matrimony, courtship, Irish, Yankee, German, &c. The author states that the work is in the nature of a compilation, and he certainly deserves great credit for his method of selection from the almost boundless stores at his disposal. He has certainly chosen the best in every sense. Nearly all the jokes are comparatively new and will seem fresh to even the most inveterate reader of fugitive humor of the day. As a work in which the mind can dip pleasantly for a moment when not disposed for a deep draught, it is an unquestionable success. It comprises 340 pages, magnificently printed and bound, and is sold at $1.50. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The charming story of the "Lady of the Aroostook," by W. D. Howells, which has in a serial form been delighting the readers of the Atlantic Monthly, has just been published in a handsome volume by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston. The Aroostook is the name of a ship on which the main characters and incidents of the story are portrayed. The various types of American character are very truthfully drawn, especially the heroine, Lydia Blood, a New England orphan girl, who has been brought up by her grandfather and aunt, and has been invited to join another aunt living in Italy. For this purpose her grandfather secures a passage for her on the Aroostook. The other passengers are three American gentlemen going abroad for pleasure, all decidedly opposite types of character. A charming romance is woven out of the various incidents of the voyage, and keeps up the interest of the reader keen and eager for the denouement.

Appleton & Co., have added to the Handy Volume Series an interesting little story entitled "The Disturbing Element," by Charlotte M. Yonge. It introduces in an amusing style some of the feminine hobbies which are indulged in at the present day.

"Studies in the Model Prayer" is the title of a collection of essays on the Lord's Prayer, and explanatory of the meaning of its various phrases. Published by Appleton & Co., of New York, and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

"Saying the Catechism Seventy-five Years Ago and the Historical Results" is the title of an address delivered before the New England Historical Genealogical Society by Dorus Clarke and published in a small pamphlet form by Lee & Shepard, of Boston.

"The English Reformation, How it Came About and Why We Should Uphold It," is the title of a very ably written review of this prominent subject by Cunningham Geikie, D. D. The object of the writer is to show the immense benefits derived from the Reformation and the various dangers which assail it, and the various duties which are incumbent upon its adherents. Published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

"Sybil Brotherton," a novel by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Self-Made," "Ishmael," etc., published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila., is a work of unusual power and thrilling interest. Mrs. Southworth is a woman of brilliant genius, and is one of the most original and talented of living female writers, while she has no superior. For sale by all book-sellers and news agents, or sent to any address, post paid, on remitting fifty cents in a letter to the publishers.

"Bonne-Marie, a Tale of Normandy and Paris," by Henry Greville, translated by Mrs. Sherwood, is issued this day by T. B. Peterson & Bros., and being her last work, will no doubt create a sensation, such is its freshness, beauty and delicacy. Mrs. Sherwood's English in this translation is beyond all praise, and it seems almost incredible that it could have been written originally in French, as it flows on so freely and fresh from beginning to end. Published in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 50 cents.

"Father Tom and the Pope; or, A Night at the Vatican," is the title of a new publication of the Petersons. It is by John Fisher Murray, with illustrative engravings of the scenes that took place there between the Pope and the Priest, Father Tom. It is a lively little satire that will readily secure forgiveness for its sharp hits on account of the good nature manifested in making them. Price fifty cents.

The fifth volume of the "Boston Monday Lectures," by Rev. Joseph Cook, has been published by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, under the title of "Heredity." The opening lecture treats of "Hereditary Descent in Ancient Greece." This is followed by "Maudsley on Hereditary Descent," "Darwin's Theory of Pangenesis," and the "Origin of Conscience," "Lotze on the Union of Soul and Body," and the "Seven Principle Laws of Heredity," all of which are handled in that masterly manner indicative of a wonderful research in the manifold questions of the subject. The concluding chapters are devoted to "Preludes of Current Events." The subject of Heredity is one of wide interest and Mr. Cook has presented it in a condensed form, combining with his own the theories of the most celebrated writers of reversional, collateral, coequal, premarital and prenatal heredity, which invest it with many advantages to the casual reader or student. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price $1.50.

Randolph & Co., of New York, have published a new edition of the essay on "Socialism," by Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, who divides the subject into "Anti-Communistic Socialism," "Socialism in General," "Communistic Socialism" and "Christian Socialism." The socialistic problem is of prominent interest and importance, and Dr. Hitchcock has treated it in a very comprehensive style, as it exists abroad and in this country. He thinks it cannot be reduced by any means socialistic, political or associational. Mere economic plans can never be made to do the work of Christian unselfishness, and with all the experiments which may be tried Christian principle will triumph in the end in creating better relations among men. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price 50 cents.

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, have published another volume of "Poems of Places," edited by Longfellow, and is devoted to the Middle States. The skill and taste of the editor is visible in the well-selected contents, and the publishers have gotten it up in an attractive form of green and gold with red edges, uniform with the others. The series is undoubtedly an inexhaustible mine of pleasure, and are charming additions to one's library of poetry. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price, $1.00 a volume.

"At the Back of the Moon," is the title of a small volume of poetry, published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. It is written in a satirical vein and introduces a "Glimpse of Wen Kroy," and "Notsoo Notions," otherwise New York and Boston; the manners and society of both cities forming the object of the satire, which will be found very amusing and bright. Price 50 cents.

George Macdonald's latest novel, "Sir Gibbie" is published by Lippincott & Co., in their usual attractive form. The main feature of the plot is the restoration of a lost heir from the sphere of poverty to his ancestral title and possessions. The same tone of morality and purity of style and teachings are perceptible in this novel as characterize the author's other writings, and which will please those who do like sensationalism combined with their readings of romance.

"The Maid of Stralsund, a story of the Thirty Years' War," is the title of an historical novel by J. B. De Liefde, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, and for sale by Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city. Price $1.00. The story opens with a description of the town of Stralsund, the stronghold of the Lutherans, which is besieged by the Imperial Catholic troops. The various incidents connected with the siege and the subsequent events are graphically described. The story is written in a pleasing style, and the threads of the romance very ingeniously woven with the historical facts.

"Spiritual Manifestations" is the title of a book by Charles Beecher, just published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. It is profusely illustrated by instances of the writer's personal experience in spiritual manifestations and he aims to prove that although many mediums have brought spiritualism into disrepute by trickery and fraud it does not disprove the reliability of others who are to be trusted in their mediumistic powers, and substantiates his arguments on the ground that the inspired authors of the Old and New Testament were mediums. The book is interesting and the subject is one which will make it entertaining to the non-believers and believers in spiritualism.

On Tuesday, March 4, the only illustrated daily paper in the world, celebrated its sixth anniversary. To do more honor to the occasion it printed on its first page a magnificent picture emblematic of its age and position in the world of pictorial journalism and issued a splendid supplement illustrative of the great progress made in the art of engraving. The *Graphic* is not only an artistic triumph, but as is pleasant to record is meeting with deserved success in other and more substantial ways. The *Graphic* is not only among the most attractive but one of the best daily papers in the world. It is both pleasant and interesting to general readers from a merely literary and artistic point of view, and in its bold and aggressive attacks upon wrongs and evils that afflict society and the State is doing a noble work.

"Blackwood's Magazine" for February opens with several chapters continuing the serial "John Caldigate," followed by "The Present and Past Conditions of Domestic Service," which shows their comparative merits very much to the credit of modern servants. The conclusion is given of "A Medium of Last Century." "Two Ladies" is devoted to Mrs. Kembles "Recollections of a Girlhood," and "Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson." "Contemporary Literature" takes up the discussion of magazine writers. "Mr. Gladstone and the Next Election." On sale by W. B. Zieber of this city.

The Nursery for March, a monthly magazine for youngest readers, is as charming and attractive as they can desire, and is full of lovely pictures, stories and verses, and must prove a treat for its little friends. Published by John L. Shorey, of Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

"Rock-a-Bye," is the title of a serio-comic song, by Elmer Kapp, published by W. H. Ewald & Bro., of Jersey City, who also publish "Respond Waltzes," by H. F. Wagner. The time and melody are both good.

It is claimed that William Munroe, of Concord, Mass., made the first lead pencil ever made in America. This was in 1811.

Secretary Evarts' two sons, Prescott and Sherman, are editing the leading college magazines at Harvard and Yale respectively.

Cleanse and moisten the dry sticky mouth of patients and refresh them with Hop Bitters diluted with cool water.

News Notes.

The jewelers in Iowa are to hold a State convention.

William Howitt, the distinguished English author, died recently at Rome.

Congressman Acklen, recently reported to be in a dying condition is convalescent.

It is now a crime in Colored to deface natural scenery with signs and advertisements.

Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has been a continuous member of the United States Senate since March 4, 1861.

The Province of Ontario, Canada, sent the United States 4,929,351 bushels of barley last year, a decrease of 1,886,73 bushels from 1877.

A man in Ware, Mass., tried to burn his father's store in order to have a handsomer one built in its place.

Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son, has been making a speech in London, and is mentioned as showing many of the best qualities of a real orator.

A young clergyman and a pretty member his Sunday-school played the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," in an Omaha entertainment, and he is to be tried before his church in consequence.

The Summer School of Philosophy and Literature, which is to assemble at Concord, Mass., in July, will have five regular professors and special lecturers, among whom may perhaps be Mr. Emerson.

Senator Bayard, of Delaware, has nine children. His oldest son, about nineteen, is a student in the University of Virginia. His wife has very little inclination for society life, and passes her time with her children.

The tomb of Charles Louis Napoleon Achille Murat, nephew of Napoleon I., stands in the city cemetery at Tallahassee, Fla. The body of his wife, a Virginia lady of great excellence of character, is entombed by his side.

Mrs. Gordon Granger will return to Lancaster, Kentucky, to live under her father's roof. It is stated there is no lawful means of removing Captain Blair, her bigamist husband, to Kentucky for trial on a bigamy charge.

It is rumored in Washington that Minister Welsh is tired of London and desires to return home, impaired health being the principal reason. The rumor further runs that Secretary Evarts is not indisposed to become his successor.

The ceremony of baptism by immersion was celebrated in Western Texas the other day, and when the fourteen candidates walked down to the water fifteen revolvers were deposited on the bank of the stream, that of the preacher making the fifteenth.

The royal castle of Tervueren, seven miles from Brussels, has been completely destroyed by fire. The ex-Empress Carlotta, who has been insane for many years, resided there. She was safely removed from the castle, and is now at the Royal Palace at Laeken.

Two more Church of England clergymen have joined the Church of Rome, Mr. Stanley (brother of the late Lady Amberly and Hon. Lyulph Stanley, both of whom were well-known in this country) being one. He is a relative of the Dean of Westminster.

Clara Reinmann, an American prima donna of German descent, who left a good engagement in Berlin in 1877 to take part in the Louisville Sangerfest, and who was led to form delusive hopes by the applause showered on her, has become insane through disappointment and need.

The Emperor of Brazil keeps up a regular correspondence with the savants, artists and literary men of the principal European centres. He compliments any notable work by asking for a copy of it, and in this way he has secured at Rio quite a collection of books and pictures, compensating the donors, in return, with jewels and orders.

Recently in one of the Lowell Baptist Churches, the Bell telephone apparatus was placed in the pulpit on Sunday, and the service was heard distinctly by people having connection with it in all parts of the city. The singing, both tune and words, was heard at Foxborough, fifty-five miles distant, and, via Foxborough, in Boston, eighty miles away.

Thomas Millerchip a surgeon at Coventry, England, has been sentenced by Lord Coleridge to four months' imprisonment, with hard labor, for failing to attend a sick child in the district of which he was medical officer. The charge against him is that of manslaughter by culpable negligence, and the jury found him guilty and strongly recommended him to mercy.

A minister in Madison, Wis., has been singularly converted. He was thrown from a wagon several months ago. He struck on his head, fracturing his skull, and for weeks his life was in danger. He has at last recovered perfect health, but his friends are surprised to observe that his orthodoxy has been unaccountably destroyed. He was a Baptist before the accident, now he is a Unitarian, with a touch of Spiritualism, and he has lost all belief in the doctrines he used to preach.

The Cincinnati Musical Festival of 1880 will take place in May of that year. Mr. Theodore Thomas will be the Director. The fourth night a programme of the compositions of Wagner, Liszt, Handel and Schubert will be performed, and the "Prize Composition." This will be the work which will receive the prize of $1,000 offered by the association for the most meritorious work for chorus and orchestra, the competition for which is to be open only to native-born citizens of the United States.

That Element of Fascination.

a graceful contour, is intensified by LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which lends a new charm to rounded outlines and, by developing a fresh, health-like tinge upon the neck, hands, and arms, softens down the angles where such exist, and substitutes in their place an appearance of pleasing rotundity. Decollete robes with short sleeves are worn with the greatest advantage by those ladies who use this indispensable accessory of the toilette.

"Mrs. Partington" (B. P. Shillaber) is suffering from rheumatic gout at Chelsea, Mass.

By the death of Mrs. Cohen, grandmother of the Countess of Rosebery, a quarter of a million of sterling falls to that lady.

The ground was found to be frozen to the depth of three and a half feet in a New Haven, Conn., street on Wednesday week.

Great Offers.

Especial attention is called to the new advertisement of Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., in this paper. Mr. Beatty's Pianos and Organs are so well known throughout the civilized world that they require no word of commendation from us. Low prices and complete satisfaction have brought this house prominently forward until to-day he stands the only man in his trade who dares to ship his instruments on test trial, and if unsatisfactory refunds not only the price, but all freight paid. No fairer offer can ever be made or even suggested.

Brown Sparrows.

Ladies need not look like a flock of rusty brown sparrows, so long as the magnificent colors of Leamons Dyes, made by Wells, Richardson & Co., can be bought for a trifle. They are easy to use.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

A timely use of Hop Bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year with but little cost.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

R. DOLLARD

333

CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Premier Artist

IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

Have you read "POMONA'S BRIDAL TRIP," the latest

THE GYROCHROME;

—OR—

Prismatic Top,

A new mechanical toy which pleases the artistic eye, as well as that of childhood. Will spin from 10 to 20 minutes according to the force used in starting it. No limit to the number of its color changes; it is impossible to produce the same combination of colors twice. Made entirely of metal it cannot be broken, while its countless changes make it always a new toy, and a source of infinite amusement. Price 25 cents. By mail 35 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Agents Wanted.

American Manufacturing Co.,

120 EXCHANGE PLACE, PHILA.

WARNER BRO'S CORSETS

Received the Highest Medal at the recent

PARIS EXPOSITION,

over all American competitors. Their

FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

(120 Gores) fits with perfect ease, and is Warranted not to break down over the hips. Price by mail, $1.25.

THE HEALTH CORSET

is now made with the Tampico Rust, which is soft and flexible and contains no bones. Price by mail, $1.50. Nursing Corsets, $1.75.

For Sale by leading Merchants

WARNER BRO'S, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

Use LEAMON'S DYES

WARRANTED *best and cheapest for Family and Fancy Dyeing.* Dresses, Coats, Ribbons, Ties, Feathers, anything colored any shade. Any one can use them. *The Black and Brown are best dyes known.* Splendid INK made very cheap. 12 colors. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail. Large size, 25c.; small size, 15c. Send for Dye Book and beautiful samples free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses to sell our CHOICE NURSERY STOCK. Permanent situation. Address, stating age, HALLOCK BROS., Rochester, N. Y.

CIGARS SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

BAYARD TAYLOR *His Life, Travels & Literary Career.*

AGENTS WANTED. Secure territory at once. QUAKER CITY PUB. HOUSE, 723 Sansom St., Philada.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

—BY—

DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.

32 Warren Street, New York.

PRAIRIE OIL

The Great Natural External Remedy for

Acute and Inflammatory Rheumatism Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Severe bodily pain.

Immediate Relief Guaranteed!

Endorsed by the Medical Profession as the only **external cure** known to science.

PRAIRIE OIL is extracted purely from the vegetable kingdom, embodying no mineral compound, is perfectly harmless in its operation, and is **infallible** in its results. The most aggravated and painful cases are relieved **at once** after one or two applications, while in almost every instance one bottle will effect a permanent cure.

For out-ward use only, no rubbing or friction required.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Prairie Oil Co., 9 Murray St., N. Y.

And Druggists generally.

Pamphlet containing treatise on the diseases and particulars of the remedy, with testimonials sent on application.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

715—727 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

Price of Board and Rooms reduced to $3 per day, for transient guests.

The location of this favorite hotel is unsurpassed for convenience of men of business or families sojourning in the city.

No effort will be spared to maintain its established reputation for the excellence of its table and quiet home-like comforts.

H. CRANSTON & CO.

ELECTRIC BELTS.

A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay exhaustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed free. Address J. K. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

BEST IN USE. BEST IN USE.

$340 ORGAN FOR $85.

(*NEW STYLE, NO. 1685.*)

BEATTY ORGAN Take notice, largely "Beatty's offer for this month. This beautiful Piano Upright Parlor Organ, style No. 1685, thirteen Stops, two Knee-Swells, three sets of Reeds, in solid black walnut case, with handsome French veneering, laid on solid walnut. Weight when boxed, about 250 pounds; height, 58 in.; depth, 24 in.; length, 59 in.," etc. So great was the demand for this beautiful Piano Upright Parlor Organ, our men at the factory were compelled to work until 10 o'clock P. M. to fill orders. Nonpareils' price for this instrument, about $340.00.

MY PRICE, ONLY $85.00. In order to meet the public demand this unparalleled offer is extended until further notice. We have made a judicious and large CASH purchase of the best material which enter into its construction, at an extremely low price, and are thus enabled to continue to sell this beautiful new style at the unprecedented price of only $85. Order at once, as every instrument when introduced into a new locality sells others, as it becomes a standing advertisement for me in your own home. Thus it is that I am enabled to sell this instrument, in order to have it introduced, at this very low price.

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1 at the Grand Depot, during the past season, has necessitated an entire refitting of the interior of the large room devoted exclusively to executing orders received by mail. 8

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7 Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering. 9

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ANY LADY or tenet that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left. M. YOUNG, 178 Greenwich St., New York.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

ALTHOUGH Nature has scarcely given a response to the awakening touches of spring, but rather lingers dormant under the chilling influence of winter, and still conceals her treasures of leaf and blossom from our expectant gaze, Dame Fashion has thrown open the gates of her dominion, revealing all the lovely creations of her taste and skill, and invites her fair votaries to wander through the bewildering variety of fresh and novel attractions she offers for the spring. Each season brings its special novelties to gratify the constant demand for something new, even though the old may still be attractive and becoming, but this season, although Fashion takes a decided departure from the fundamental principles on which she has designed her models, for some time past she has evidently sought among the old designs, laid aside and apparently forgotten, and under the attractive guise of a newly created title, presents them to us for the basis on which we are to exercise our own inventive genius in making the desired change in our dress.

The new materials are all suggestive of the change inaugurated in the styles in which they will be utilized. The predominance of stripes show the tendency toward a more redundant drapery, and in breaking the lines they will be much more becoming and graceful than if the flat, unlooped drapery were still retained. While we are to receive the "panier restoration" as one of the mandates of Fashion, it comes from its oblivion so free from its past follies and extremes, perhaps it may be a welcome return as a desirable change from the styles which have been in power during the long time since the panier was banished.

There is always a wide latitude given all who seek in Fashion's dominions for something especially adapted to their individual style, and those who have a personal preference for the princesse design, will find it still in popularity, but with the addition of certain modifications which will give its appropriate relation to the new materials and designs for costumes. The most positive and permanent change visible is the great popularity of the short costume, which is virtually adopted now as the prescribed form of the street dress, and as the spring and summer seasons have out of door attractions and we seek them then if at no other time, the short costume promises to be the predominant one, and even the handsomest materials will be made in this sensible style.

Two and even three materials are used in combination for street costumes, a rule applied equally to the suits made of percale, cotton satine, the various woolens, and in fact all the materials for summer wear. There is much room for the exercise of taste and judgment in carrying out this style, for while strong contrasts are allowable, a decided harmony must be visible, and not a startling oddness in the effect. For ordinary walking costumes a preference is given to the trimmed skirt—that is a skirt with the trimming arranged directly on it, in a variety of ways, in which the contrasting material forms also the distinctive features, such as bands set on as revers or in perpendicular lines. A simple trimming edges the petticoat or underskirt, one kilt pleated flounce seems to be popular, and this is frequently trimmed with one or more narrow bands of the same material which trims the rest of the dress. That part of the skirt which is concealed by the drapery seems to be now invariably of dark muslin! a rule which is very favorable to economy, for a new dress requires less material, and an old one can be made over with satisfactory effect by utilizing the part which may have formed the underskirt to make fresh drapery. With this trimmed overskirt is generally worn a jacket in coat shape, to which is added the vest of the contrasting material. In the use of some of the heavy woolen fabrics I notice the underskirts are frequently left plain; the edge of the drapery is simply stitched, to correspond with the edge of the coat.

All the costumes show puffed effect in the drapery, but none of them possess any of the exaggerated features of the former style of the panier. Small tournures are made to wear with these dresses, or the dress is arranged in such a manner as to supply the place of a tournure. There is also a style of arranging the drapery which will be found convenient in combining the short street dress and a long one for the house; this is carried out by the long square train in the back, which may be looped up to the desired shortness by an arrangement of cords and buttons.

Among the many models which have been prepared for the short skirt costume suitable for wash or woolen materials, are the "Muriel" overskirt, the "Sirena," and the "Lilia." The "Muriel" is slightly puffed in the back, and forms a round apron front, draped full towards the sides. A pleating or gathered flounce trims the edge, and that which trims the front is carried across the centre of the back, under the puffed drapery. The "Sirena" has a full apron front, and the back irregularly looped in puffs; a gathered ruffle trims the edge and is carried up each side to the waist.

The "Lilia" is similar to this, only larger, one side of the back being cut square and the other rounded up towards the front.

The "Zophie" is especially pretty for woolen goods, having a kilt pleated skirt, and the overskirt turned up on one side in front, in the washerwoman style, and turned over on the other, forming a revers of contrasting material. The back is arranged in a succession of perpendicular pleats, over which is draped a wide revers of the other goods. The Panier overskirt has a round apron front caught up in the centre with a bow, the round paniers on the side are formed by two pieces extending from the centre of the waist in front, and draped in full pleats in the back, under the puffed drapery.

To this list I may add the "Francisca," which is suitable for woolen or cotton goods. The skirt is short, with a wide pleating, and the drapery similar to the "Panier," with the exception of having the puffs only in the back.

The new basques retain the old cuirasse form, fitting smoothly over the hips, and the variations in style are formed by the trimming and the cutting of the skirt of the basque. Some of them are cut pointed in front and square in the back, and to many are added a vest of the contrasting material.

The "Desiree" basque is a very stylish model, with a vest, as is also the "Australia."

The basque "Nelida" is cut long on the sides and looped up full on the hips to form paniers.

The pleated yoke corsage seems to have been banished to give a place for the variety of coat-shaped basques with vests.

In mantelets, the "Aretta" and "Isonde" are among the approved forms; the former has long square tabs in front, the back is square and shaped into the waist by a curved seam, and cut so as to form the outside of the sleeves; the trimming extends up the back seam.

The "Isonde" forms a dolman with square sleeves, the outside of which is cut in a single piece with the shoulder pieces, the under parts are extensions of the fronts. A fringe and passementerie and fringe.

The new materials have appeared in such endless variety I must defer a description of them for another "Chat," but I must allude to the American satins, which will be very popular. They are in all fashionable colors for day and evening wear, in light and dark shades, covered with small white polka dots; they are fine and soft in texture, and do not crumple, and sell at $1 50 a yard.

Olive and barrel shaped hand-crocheted buttons, either all silk or combined with jet, will be much used on garments trimmed with passementerie. Wood buttons, hand-painted in gold and colors, are very choice, light and effective, and cost from thirty-five cents per dozen up. French horn, both in the natural color and dyed, are inlaid with gold and pearl in raised designs, representing stars, flowers, birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes and fowls. Crystal glass buttons, sometimes called "Rhine pebbles," are introduced. These are cut in facets and set in platina, and have a most brilliant effect at night; the prices vary from seventy-five cents per dozen up. Medium sizes only in any kind of buttons are fashionable, and the quantity used is totally dependent upon the style of the garment, some requiring only what will fasten the vest, and others, a sufficient number to outline the cuffs, pockets, etc.

Fireside Chat.

MISS DODS' LECTURE ON COOKING.

THE cooking-schools in which Miss Dods is to-day one of the ablest teachers were the outgrowth of an effort made to establish them in the year 1873, at South Kensington, London, by Mr. Buckmaster, an American gentleman and a very popular lecturer in all branches of the arts and sciences, who for some years back has been making a thorough tour of England and Scotland. His undertaking met with such success that a school for teachers was organized and a great many ladies were installed as pupils. The Queen, the Princess Louise, and Sir Andrew Cole, the Duke of Westminster became interested and promoted the success of the cause by giving their names and subscriptions, but since then the schools have been entirely self-supporting. Hundreds of teachers have gone out to different sections of the globe, one so far as Australia, to which country Miss Dods had been invited, but declined to go on account of the distance.

Miss Dods came to America four months ago and inaugurated her field of labor in this country with two lectures in New York, and recently gave a successful course in this city, during which the following illustrations were given:

Turkish Soup.—For this savory soup the ingredients required are one quart of second stock one-half teacupful of rice, the yolks of two eggs, one tablespoonful of cream and a little pepper and salt. The second stock is made by simply covering the meat and bones with water and fresh vegetables, and boiling the whole for a long time. Wash the rice well by placing it in a strainer and pouring water over it. This washes off all the starch and flour on the outside, so that when it is cooked each grain of the rice is separate from the other. Place the stock, the rice, pepper and salt in a saucepan and boil for twenty minutes. Then pour it through a wire sieve, rubbing the rice well through, and pour the hot stock back into the saucepan. In a basin then mix the hot yolks of two eggs and the cream, and add a tablespoonful of the hot stock. This gradually cools the stock and warms the cream and eggs. Then pour the rest of the stock in. Allow this to stand over the fire for two minutes, but do not let it boil or the eggs curdle.

Milk Soup.—In making this dish she used one quart of cold water, two raw potatoes, an ounce of drippings, butter or lard, one and a half ounces of tapioca, or sago, a little pepper and salt, and one pint of milk. The water is placed upon the fire, seasoned with salt and pepper. The fat and raw potatoes are placed in the pot at the same time, and remain until the potatoes are quite tender. The potatoes are then worked smooth with a spoon, and the milk added. The tapioca or sago is sprinkled in, and after it is again boiled it is put upon a slow fire and allowed to simmer for ten minutes.

Potato Croquets.—In preparing this tasty side dish Miss Dods required one pound of mashed potatoes, one egg, one tablespoonful of milk, a little pepper and salt and a cup or two bread crumbs or cracker dust. The best utensil for mashing potatoes is a fork, but a good method is to grate them through a sieve. When the potatoes are mashed the salt and pepper are added. The milk and the yolk of one egg are then mixed in, and the whole stirred over the fire until the egg is dry; this requires about one minute. The kneading-board is well-floured, and, while warm, the mass is separated into small balls or rolled into any shape desired. The white of the egg is then beaten slightly, and each ball covered with a light coating. The bread crumbs or cracker dust is then placed in a piece of paper and the balls separately placed upon it, and by rolling them from side to side are completely covered. This, she said, was the best method of coating fish. To cook anything in fat, such as oysters, croquets or fish, the grease should be heated to 325 degrees. This heat should easily be determined, for at that degree the fat began to smoke. At this heat they would be done in about one minute. In order to keep it from burning when not in use, a raw potato or a large crust of bread should be placed in the fat, to be removed again when ready for use. Fat can be used over and over again. When its properties are exhausted it can readily be renewed by adding fresh material. This rule applied to lard as well as drippings. When anything is cooked in fat or lard it should be removed from the pot and placed at once on a piece of brown paper. This would absorb the remaining grease. The croquets were placed in a pot of smoking drips and in a few moments were removed and were found to be beautifully browned.

Incidentally, she stated it was never well to boil meats quickly. By permitting them to simmer over the fire the juices were brought out better and the flavor was therefore much richer.

Soup Stock and Soups.—Soup stock, she said, should always be strained through a coarse cloth. The whites of eggs which are placed in the pot collect the impurities, and, when strained, this foreign matter is caught in the cloth and the stock is left perfectly clear. To make Italian soup with this stock she used circular pieces of turnip and carrot, and some green part of the leeks, these first to be boiled until tender. By cutting long, thin shreds of carrot and turnip, which have been boiled five minutes, and placing them in the stock it makes what is called Julian soup. Soup can be made brown by adding a few drops of caramel. To make a pint of this mixture it requires one pound of coarse sugar and one pint of cold water. The sugar is placed in a dry pan and put over the fire. As soon as it melts melts mix in the water slowly. When it has boiled move it from the fire and bottle.

Amber Pudding.—In preparing this tempting desert the lady used two pounds of raw apples, three ounces of sugar, a gill of cold water, several drops of lemon juice, four eggs, six ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. The sugar and one-half gill of water are placed over the fire and allowed to come to a boil. At this point add the apples, which should be cut into lumps and the lemon juice, and cook until the apples are quite soft. Weigh out six ounces of flour in a basin, and mix in well two ounces of butter; then add the baking powder, a pinch of salt and one-half gill of water, and work the whole into a firm dough, and roll out to the thickness of one-third of an inch. Then dampen the sides of a pie dish with cold water and line it with narrow strips of the dough. After trimming the edges nicely, brush them lightly with cold water, and garnish the outer edge with small circular bits of the pastry laid close together. The apples, when soft, are removed and strained through a sieve into a clean dish. The yolks of four eggs are then mixed in, and the pie plate that has been prepared. In order to cook the newly-introduced eggs and the dough the dish is put in the oven for ten minutes. The whites of the four eggs, to which salt has been added, are beaten stiff, and when the pudding is done this is piled high up in the centre, and is then well sprinkled with sugar. After smoothing the white of the egg into a cone shape, it can be neatly garnished with pieces of Angelica or dried berries. It is again placed in the oven to brown for two minutes, and is then ready for the table. In preparing this dish Miss Dods stated that it was never necessary to beat the yolks of eggs. The whites always beat quicker and stiffer separate. She used the sharp edge of a table knife, and said the beating could be done quicker in a cool air.

Dressed Boiled Fish.—Her mode of dressing any boiled fish was demonstrated with halibut. To one pound of fish she used two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, one ounce of grated cheese, one half pint of milk and one gill of cream. The butter and flour are placed over the fire and mixed while the butter melts. Milk is then mixed in and stirred until it boils. At the boiling point add the cream, pepper and salt and cook two minutes. The bone and skin having been removed from the fish, it is cut into small pieces and then mixed into the sauce, which should remain only long enough over the fire to heat the fish. Place the whole on a flat dish, sprinkle over grated cheese or bread crumbs, and pepper, and brown quickly in the oven.

To boil halibut properly, she said it should be placed in boiling water, to which a tablespoonful of vinegar has been added. It should cook only twenty minutes, unless the fish is of unusual size.

Fillet of Beef and Dutch Sauce.—The beef should be cut in slices about an inch in thickness. It is then placed in the broiler, which should be lightly greased, and then subjected to the action of the fire for seven minutes, turning it but once in that time. The Dutch sauce was prepared with half a tablespoonful of cream, half a tablespoonful of water, the yolk of two eggs, a little pepper and salt, one ounce of butter and the juice of half a lemon. The water and egg yolks are beaten well together, and the lemon juice, cream and butter, with salt and pepper, are then introduced, and the whole is whisked over a slow fire until it thickens. This, however, must not be allowed to come to a boil. When finished, pour hot over the fillets of beef and serve.

Fish Cakes.—The recipe given for fish cakes included one pound of potatoes, one pound of codfish, boiled, pepper and salt, two eggs, one tablespoonful of cream, one-half ounce of butter, and a few tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. After breaking the boiled fish into small pieces, grate the potatoes while hot upon it through a sieve; add one-half ounce of butter, the yolk of the eggs, the cream and mix all well together; when seasoned with pepper and salt, divide the mass into small flat cakes on a well floured board; beat the whites of the eggs, and, having coated each of the cakes with it, roll them into the bread crumbs; fry in hot fat or lard for two minutes. As soon as the cakes are done place them on a piece of paper, that the superfluous grease may be absorbed from them.

Jam Sauce.—This excellent pudding sauce was made of one large tablespoonful of raspberry or strawberry jam, a gill of sherry (or water or cider if wine is not desired), an ounce of sugar, and several drops of lemon juice. They are all placed at once in a pan and allowed to stand over the fire until they boil. Use while warm.

There have been already six cases of cremation in the town of Gotha.

Answers to Inquirers.

COL. S. (Pierce, Wis.)—There is no civil law in this country against the marriage of cousins, whether first, second, or of any other degree.

SUTHERLY AND TORRONTER.—No two of the answers to the problem have agreed, though each was correct—your own among the number—according to the view taken of its various conditions.

HOGUE, (Randolph, Mo.)—Paste for hanging paper should be made about the consistency of cream, perfectly smooth, without lumps; a little size will add to its tenacity, and a small portion of powdered alum will help it to dry.

G. H. (Tuscaloosa, Ala.)—It is easier for an artful man, who is not in love, to persuade a young lady that he has a passion for her, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences and resentments, that sometimes

WILDING, (Clearfield, Pa.)—Both words have a regular derivation. "Old Scratch" is the demon Skratti, who still survives in the superstitions of Northern Europe, and "Old Nick" is none other than Nikr, the dangerous water demon of Scandinavian legend.

L. T. F. (Wrightsville, Ark.)—A cheap but good vinegar of the kind you speak of may be made from 25 gallons of warm rain or soft water with 4 gallons of molasses and 1 gallon of yeast, or in that proportion. The mixture can be used after it has been allowed to ferment.

OLD FRIEND, (Hopkinsville, N. Y.)—The book is very probably out of print. Send a postal card directed to yourself and we will give you the address of a firm who will, perhaps, supply you with a second-hand copy. It is against our rule to publish such matters through these columns.

E. S. B. (Masonville, N. Y.)—With good medical treatment we see no reason why you should not be restored to thorough health. Permanent weakness of mind is not necessarily a concomitant of brain fever and at your age you should have grown out of such ill effects as it may have left.

ESCUTCH, (Kanawaha, W. Va.)—A "wyvern" is a fictitious monster of the Middle Ages of frequent occurrence in heraldry. It resembles a dragon, but has only two legs and feet, which are those of an eagle. Most likely it was either a stone figure or a weather-cock of this shape above the house.

EVALYN, (Macomb, Mich.)—It is quite clear that the species of courtship in which you are at present indulging is of a most childish kind. Unless both you and your suitor can adhere a little more to the proprieties and maintain more dignity in your intercourse with each other you had better keep apart altogether.

READER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You are mistaken. It was Alexander Pope who wrote the epigram. Corrected it reads:

> Friend, for thine epitaph I'm grieved
> Where still so much is said,
> One-half will never be believed,
> The other never read.

render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides that it gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself. A lover should seek that which he himself admires, either in mind or body, and not what the world calls beautiful. The world has nothing to do with it, and yet sets up for patron and censor.

KENO, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Your questions were answered two weeks since. The following is a recipe for freckles: Take one ounce of lemon juice, ½ drachm powdered borax, and ½ drachm sugar. Mix and let them stand in a glass bottle for a few days, then rub it on the face and hands night and morning. Two tablespoonsful of lemon juice will equal an ounce. 2. About the other matter you had better consult a physician.

HANDSAW, (Two Rivers, Wis.)—To enter West Point you must be between sixteen and twenty years of age and without any physical defect whatever. You must be able to pass an examination in all the branches of a good English education. The member from each Congressional district in the country appoints one candidate every four years. Write for more particular information to the Representative in Congress from your section.

C. McC. (Johnson, Ind. Ter.)—We know of no regular recipe for the purpose. If the rosin is not too firmly clotted hard rubbing by a dry rag, paper or chamois may be effective. We have found this to answer well in our own experience. Some use benzine or turpentine where the instrument is a comparatively new one and the varnish thick, but such a course is dangerous. If the accumulation is deep you might use fine emery paper.

SCIOLIST, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Danube river from its source in Baden to the Black Sea, is 1,820 miles long, and it drains, with its tributaries, an area of over 300,000 square miles. It passes through Bavaria, Austria, Hungary and Servia, to the Carpathian Mountains, where it separates Roumania and Bulgaria and passes into the Black Sea through several mouths, the principal one being that of Sulina. The Danube is navigable for steamers as far as Ulm, in Bavaria.

MAGAZINE, (Warren, N. J.)—The Greek symposium or drinking party was distinguished from the deipnon or dinner, for the Greeks did not usually drink at their meals, and the introduction of the wine was the signal for a free and lively conversation and, as Plato and Xenophon show, also for the most intellectual discussions. Hence the modern application of the word to the treatment of a single subject by different writers from different points of view in a single number of a periodical.

H. J., (Claiborne, Miss.)—Papier-mache articles are prepared first by pasting or glueing sheets of paper together and then submitting them to powerful pressure, by which the composition acquires the hardness of board when dry. Papier-mache possesses great strength and lightness. It may be made partially waterproof by the addition of sulphate of iron, quicklime and glue or white of egg to the pulp, and perfectly so by japanning. Borax and phosphate of soda render it incombustible.

LITTLE DORRIT, (Richmond, Ind.)—There are various preparations on the market for the purpose you mention, but all are more or less hurtful. One of the simplest and cheapest ways is to wash the hair in a strong solution of soda. Nothing will prevent its resuming its color if the wash is discontinued, unless the process has meanwhile deprived you of hair altogether. We would advise you to let it remain as it is no matter how objectionable the hue, for sooner or later you will certainly regret trifling with it.

RAKTMA, (Pulaski, Ark.)—Of your two suitors you should by all means choose the farmer. From the description you give of your favorite we should judge he would prove anything but a good husband. A young man of his age "who never did any work and allows his mother to support him by teaching music" is hardly the person a suitable girl ought to select in settling the great question of a partner for life. And just in the degree that he appears unworthy does the other seem worthy if, indeed, he is not too good for you.

QUERULOUS, (Bates, Mo.)—Your principal trouble seems to be in getting started aright in the morning. If one allows himself to become cross and peevish before breakfast, it is difficult for him to get into a thorough good humor during the rest of the day, especially if his ante-breakfast crossness has become habitual. The man, woman or family that starts in the morning with Heaven's peace brooding over him, her, or them will not be apt to find many annoyances during the day. A celebrated divine used to say that there was nothing like a moment's secret prayer when one first awoke in the morning to keep a person straight, and calm, and even-tempered, as such a prayer was like a border round the day, and kept it from ravelling out.

JASPER, (Phila., Pa.)—There is of course a possibility that the young man has grown tired of his first love and become enamored of the other young lady. After four years of attention, however, during which time we suspect he had been faithful, it would be wrong to so decide without further proof. The few facts you allege do not conclusively show that he is fickle although they certainly tend that way. It may be that he is merely flirting with lady No. 2. without thought of real disloyalty to No. 1. From the tone of your letter we cannot tell which position you occupy but if the first, you should ask—without manifesting either jealousy or anxiety—an explanation of his conduct and be guarded by it. If the second, knowing what you do, should you wish to act the part of a true woman, be most circumspect and careful in all your relations towards him for the other lady's sake and your own.